

THE READER'S DIGEST



THIRTY-ONE ARTICLES EACH MONTH FROM
LEADING MAGAZINES—EACH ARTICLE OF
ENDURING VALUE AND INTEREST, IN
CONDENSED AND PERMANENT FORM



MAY 1922

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A Magazine Digest Service which circulates to members of
the Association

Published Monthly by

THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION
No. 1 Minetta Lane, New York, N. Y.

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25c a copy, \$3.00 a year

Entered as second class matter April 12, 1922, at the Post Office,
N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879.

The Reader's Digest

The Little Magazine

Vol. 1

MAY 1922

No. 4

A Personal Word

WE are endeavoring to produce a better magazine each month, and some have been kind enough to tell us that we have been successful in doing this.

At any rate, we are devoting all our energies to that end. As a consequence, it has been a physical impossibility for us to thank personally the many Members of our Association who have taken the time to express their appreciation of our efforts. We regret, too, that it has been impossible for us to convey our gratitude to those Members who have sent names of persons whom they thought would be glad to learn of "The Little Magazine." Others have sent subscriptions for their friends; while some have kindly suggested material for use in the Digest.

We wish that all those who have lent us their friendly support in any of these ways would consider this a personal expression of our very deep gratitude.

Topics in Brief

Selected from The Literary Digest

"I'm sorry to do this," said little Johnny, as he spread the jam on the baby's face, "but I can't have suspicion pointing its finger at me."—Everybody's Magazine.

The man who first called it the "easy" payment plan was mighty careless with his adjectives.—Roanoke World News.

It is estimated that there is enough coal in discovered fields to keep miners striking for 3,276 years.—Fresno Republican.

If the meat packers want to stimulate business, they might put on the market some choice cuts in prices.—Seattle Times.

There is always something wrong with a man, as there is with a motor, when he knocks continually.—Columbia Record.

They talk much now of professional women. Personally, we have never met an amateur.—New York American.

Agricultural sections are slowly recovering from the bump of bumper crops.—Steubenville Herald Star.

No wonder a hen gets discouraged. She can never find things where she lays them.—Seattle Times.

In the old days the young fellow who went courting turned down the gas. Now he steps on it.—Providence Journal.

The English law doesn't allow a woman to vote until she is thirty, which means that some of them don't vote until they are well past forty.—Roanoke Times.

Great Britain appears to be a body of land wholly surrounded by hot water.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

The population of the United States is 16 per cent denser than it was ten years ago. Judging from some things the people fall for, we have feared it was worse than that.—Poughkeepsie Star.

The wages of sin are about the only ones that are not being reduced.—Washington Post.

Our idea of a model husband is one who thinks his wife's headache is as

important as his own rheumatism.—Galveston News.

In Russia it seems to be a case of the survival of the unfittest.—Minneapolis Journal.

Does the button industry subsidize the laundries?—Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.

Trouble with our hyphenated citizens is that they place the accent on the wrong side of the hyphen.—Boston Shoe Reporter.

An educational system isn't worth a great deal if it teaches boys to get a living and doesn't teach them how to live.—Columbia (S. C.) Record.

A country is not made by the number of square miles it contains, but by the number of square people it contains.—Dayton News.

We still believe that the best plan to keep cool is to set all thermometers back ten degrees.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

English-as-she-is-spoke. When a Distinguished Person sprang the word "normalcy" upon us, little more than a year ago, the grammatici suddenly sat up and took notice. Some protested that, according to the best traditions of the English language, the word could not have any kind of legality. Others, with more loyalty, said that in spite of its unusualness, the word was all right. So the conflict raged with considerable personality for about three months.

Then what happened? Everybody was using the word with an evident partiality for it. Even Literary Aristocrats employed the word with an air of familiarity. Its charm spread over the majority of writers and speakers, and they produced like words with every appearance of originality. No one could oppose it without being accused of formalcy, which in these days is the worst kind of criminality. So this one gentle little word "normalcy" was received with cordiality everywhere, and began its triumphant march towards universality of influence.

Wonderful language, English-as-she-is-spoke in the New Era.—Life.

Why Not Scrap Them Both?

Condensed from *The Saturday Evening Post*

Samuel G. Blythe

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1. No real issues between the two parties.
 2. Specialized interests control legislation.
 3. Politicians ignore national needs for home districts.
 4. The increasing burden of needless laws and bureaus.
 5. The present parties need to be scrapped.
-

THERE are no genuine issues between the Republican Party and the Democratic Party; no authentic differences of policy. There is nothing between them save the desire of the Republicans, who are in power, to stay in power, and the desire of the Democrats, who are out of power, to get back in power.

No man can give a valid, vital, present-day reason for calling himself a Republican. All can give historical, sentimental, sectional, hereditary reasons, but none of them has application to existing civic, economic or governmental conditions. The only reason there is for being either a Republican or a Democrat in this year 1922 is the reason of past performances. That isn't much of a reason, but it is the best there is.

As recently as twenty-five years ago it meant something to be a Republican. Republicans were protectionists and stood for the single gold standard, for example. It meant to be a Democrat that you held to the policy of tariff for revenue only, and that

you were either for free silver or for gold. The tariff is no longer an issue. As the present group of politicians follow each other into power they tinker with the tariff more as a rite than anything else, and get about the same results, because of the fixed position as a revenue producer the tariff now occupies in our political economy. And the gold standard is so irrevocably established that all the fuss over it in 1896 and 1900 seems fantastic now.

Earnest partisans may say that the League of Nations is an issue between the two phantasms of parties, but that is not susceptible of proof. Instead of two great parties, each standing definitely for certain sets of principles, we have two relics of great parties that stood thus definitely in past times, but are now mere pegs on which the people hang whatever protest they have to make, flocking from one to the other as elections come, and voting under whichever symbol means ejection for those in power, simply in the hope that things may get better, and with the conviction that they couldn't be worse. The Republican Party came back to power in 1920 because of a nation-wide protest against existing taxation; and the Republican Party will go out of power for the same reason.

There are no outstanding issues between the two parties. The majority proposes and the minority opposes, not because of any principle involved.

but because the proposition having been made by one side is fought by the other.

2. True government is directed and sustained by the free play of public opinion, and is responsible to that opinion. This Government—a party government, so-called—is not directed by the free play of public opinion. It is managed, directed, legislated for and conducted in response to specifically organized and controlled and coerced opinion, enforced by organizations that make their own narrow appeal, and compel their special demands.

Senator Kenyon, of Iowa (now a Federal Judge) said recently: "The safety of this country lies in a consensus of judgment among intelligent people. We are drifting towards a condition in which it is impossible to get this consensus when every industry and every avocation is effectively organized."

The Agricultural Bloc serves as an example of the effects of organization on government. It is a perfect pattern of a closely organized special interest operating on a legislative body. It is made up of Republicans and Democrats who, knowing the futility of party membership and the absence of party policy, joined together and operate for special ends.

The real beginnings of the era of special-interest domination in party politics were 25 years ago, when combinations of wool men and machinery men, and so on, were each concerned in the tariff, not with protection or tariff for revenue as a national party policy, but with one personal angle thereof.

The American people know a good thing when they see it. Straightway,

when any section of them had any demand or desire, they organized to make that demand and desire effective. The result is the vast number of organizations, in all parts of the country—economic, commercial, sociological, religious, reformatory, racial—that try to get special political action by organized pressure on the political parties.

Party representatives of today are far more susceptible to this organization pressure than those who were selected under the old convention systems, for the reason that a man who must make his appeal for nomination to the public is far more sensitive to what any section of the public may demand than the man who gets his nomination from a party organization. The special-interest organizations claim to be the people. They hold over the heads of the politicians the menace of a solidly combined vote.

3. This system of organized pressure has not only made the once great parties the shifty, opportunist and cowardly bodies they now are, but it has also turned loose on the defenseless people such a flood of legislation and laws as the world never saw before. Observing how easy it is to influence Congress or any other legislative body by organized pressure, that pressure has been exerted for all kinds of fantastic purposes. There is a section of our public that holds the firm conviction that all social, moral, governmental, economic and civic ills may be cured by legislation.

Apparently all that is needed to get any sort of law passed is to make an organization that shall favor the law. Congress and the legislatures humbly do the rest. There is no party soli-

(Continued on page 216)

What Goes Up

Condensed from *Woman's Home Companion*

Dorothy Canfield

A story of the War that, we believe, is different from any that you have ever read.

IN the third year of the war, the town of Tourciennes was appalled by a German decree that forty of their leading women were to be taken as hostages to a prison camp in Germany, in reprisal for something said to have happened. Everyone knew that that meant almost sure death, and certainly broken health even for the most vigorous men. And many of the women were already half ill after three years of war privations.

The prison camp was a dreary clutter of rough buildings on a flat, sandy plain. The room allotted to the forty women was a bare, barn-like loft. Around three walls were tiers of bunks, filled with damp, moldy straw. Grease and filth were caked on the rough floor and walls.

The woman who told me about it afterward had apparently not forgotten a detail. Powerful and magnetic Octavie was speaking: "**We are French** women; we have courage; we have brains. People with brains and courage have nothing to fear anywhere, if they'll use them. We're of all sorts—but we are women, sisters! If we give all we have and stick by each other loyally, they can never conquer us! An attempt is being made to break us down, physically and morally. But

we have a thousand resources of ingenuity that they can't touch at all.

"We must begin by economizing every atom of our strength. We can start now by not wasting any more strength hating our guards. The next thing is to organize to get clean." Squads were organized, some to carry water, some to sweep. A bathing place in one corner was arranged. The first woman who emerged from behind the curtain, bathed, fresh linen next her skin (they had been allowed to bring one change), her hair in order, was like a being from another world. Self-respect came back. With plenty of water and energy, sand and some bricks for rubbing, everything in the room was cleaned.

"What are we? Bodies and minds; both in danger. We must exercise out of doors, if we are to digest this awful food. We are allowed to be out an hour a day, but that is not enough. We must do something active in here once an hour. Any volunteers to show us gymnastics?" Yes, there were several.

"Now, for the mind. It's the chance of our lives to go on with our education. Let us share our minds each with the other." The result was that a group of musicians was organized to talk about music; others were to discuss the care of children; one to lecture on the life in Indo-China; a course in German was to be given; a daughter of a professor of literature was to plan literary discussions; the

former head of a hospital was to lecture on the care of the sick.

Dramatic and musical committees were appointed, and another one on games, to provide amusement.

"But," said one, "we have souls, too, souls hard beset. We're of all sorts of belief, but we can all pray." Then after an instant, she said, "Let us pray."

Every day was thrust at them full of the noisome poison of prison life—idleness, indifference, despair, bitterness, hatred, personal degeneration, and every day they poured out this poison resolutely, and filled its place with intelligent occupation.

Every day they went out in all weathers and exercised and played, and every evening they played games, checkers, guessing games, told stories and sang anything anyone could remember. Every day they had their "lessons," and once a week they had dramatics.

The character of their group made an impression on the prison authorities, who, as the months went by, allowed them certain alleviations; a better stove for their cooking, guards chosen from among the older men, and finally a few priceless French books.

Winter was there again, endless, empty, gray days. Influenza carried off hundreds all around them. They redoubled their cleanliness, exercised, played, studied, sang. Madame Rouart died; three others were desperately ill. Tragedy drew them more closely together than ever, and after this there were fewer struggles against black days of bad temper.

Well, then came the end. Nobody, not even the guards, knew what all the excitement was about. The women were locked in cattle cars, with no idea where they were going, until the moment the train stopped—and the doors broken open.

They were at home, at their station. On the same platform where

they had seen so many prisoners return, vermin-ridden, filthy, half-imbecile, a burden to their families, there they were, lean and worn and pale, but stronger, better, finer human beings, than they had been before.

Here's where the story ought to end. I wish it did. But in the three years that have passed since then I have seen those women a good many times.

What are they doing with themselves now? Are they continuing the fine self-education? Are they turning on the terrible problems of our life-in-common the piercing light of their trained minds, the resistless strength of their dauntless wills? They are not. Like all the rest of us, they are concentrating their efforts on the attempt to keep all the ease and comfort for themselves and their families.

Are they, as they did in prison, sharing the griefs of the women about them with sisterly love? Do they cooperate intelligently with their fellow citizens in their daily life now? Is Octavia still organizing the weaker souls about her, drawing from them the best they have to give? No!

They had given a complete if passing proof of the magnificent latent possibilities in the stuff of human nature. The Tourciennes women had risen to that noble level once in their lives and held it. And the rest of us never! And yet what is our human life but one long crisis? We are all hard beset by deadly dangers, needing desperately to love and help each other. Why can't we intelligently plan how to construct an enduring life with the materials at hand? Why don't we help others to bring out what they have of value in their natures and stand by them in their moments of weakness? Why don't we ever grasp what that might mean to us all?

Mysterious India

Condensed from *The World's Work*

P. W. Wilson

1. Conservative India being influenced by West.
2. Why Indian civilization has failed.
3. A new India is arising.
4. Affairs becoming more Indian and less British.

INDIA stands at a crisis. The issue is not whether British Rule is to continue or to cease. The question is whether India is to relapse into a former chaos or to achieve, for the first time in her annals, a political unity and an equal citizenship for the individual. Is India to become the United States of Southern Asia, with elected legislatures, or is she to break up once more into kingdoms and provinces?

Hitherto, India has been not a country but a continent. She has a larger area, a more numerous population, a more diversified speech and race than Europe. Forty languages and 145 dialects are spoken. One-fifth of the entire human race live in India—330 millions of people, a population equal to that of the Americas and Africa combined. Three-quarters of the country is directly governed by Britain, but the remainder consists of about seventy native states, and about seventy million people, each state with its own hereditary ruler. The British throne is the one link which binds these sovereignties together in a league of peace. Recently, there has been inaugurated a Chamber of Princes, where these rulers meet and interchange ideas. These men are still despots. If they employ British officials—Americans also have been employed—they can if they wish, dismiss them. These Princes are begin-

ning to send their sons to English schools, who become influenced, more or less, by their contact with the West. But in India, as elsewhere, royalty tends to be conservative. There has been at least one prince who, on visiting London, chartered his own ship, with his own cooks, his own food and his own drinking water—lest, through association with the British Court and the King, he should lose caste.

Despite criticisms of British Rule and its admitted imperfections, the people themselves appear to prefer it to the former ancestral system. Even some of the more advanced politicians would like to see the princes and their ceremonial entirely swept away. They have come to believe in the plain coat of William Ewart Gladstone and Abraham Lincoln. Queen Victoria, with a widow's bonnet as her tiara, displayed to the Indian imagination a new conception of royal dignity and service.

2. In India, despite all the general poverty, famine, disease and ignorance, there has been cultivated for thousands of years by the fortunate minority a literature, religions, architecture, sculpture, painting, the dance, exquisite carving and costume and jewels, polite manners, which in some ways surpass the achievements of the western world.

Why, then, did her civilization fail? The far-famed gems of India are one clue. They were the quintessence of the luxury for which millions toiled—luxury denied save to a mere handful. It was Buddha's renunciation of this inheritance of wealth, and of wife, which developed the religion that bears his name.

What India needed was not that wealth should be renounced but that it should be invested for the general welfare. What Americans deposit in

their savings banks and insurance, the Indian has hitherto given to his wife as a bangle or anklet, useless in developing trade and increasing comforts.

3. Up to the present, little capital could be raised for railways or telegraphs. The people understand gold and silver and emeralds but know nothing about stocks and bonds. But banks have been started and are increasing in number. We shall see the check book and all that it means.

Between the Hindu, to whom holiness is renunciation, and the Moslem, to whom holiness is conquest, the British have stepped in with a more obvious theorem—that, after all, the first thing to do with one's life is to live it. There are now 66,000 miles of canal in India—enough to cross the United States a score of times, watering 50,000,000 acres which can be cultivated. Border raids on the north-west frontier had almost ruined an immense area. This territory has been regained for the human race. Roads and railways were built for the first time. The country is safe for travellers. In the past, nothing could be done about famine. To-day the plans for dealing with famine are as detailed as were the war-plans of Germany before August, 1914. The density of population in India varies from 800 to the square mile to 5 persons only. The people, unaccustomed hitherto to railways, cling to the soil with which they are familiar, and do not flow into the waste places. Against snakes and wild animals, there is, too, a constant warfare. It is for the new India to clear her jungles.

To all these measures, India has submitted with a silent wonder. She knew that Britain benefited by her resultant trade. But when the present century opened, she was not conscious of a grievance. There was growing up, however, a new India, secure both against internal and external dissension, able therefore to achieve for the first time a conscious

unity. That unity was promoted by everything that the British did. There were means of travel and transmission of letters. There were newspapers. Above all there was the English language itself, to be spoken by all the intellectuals. It could actually be said that the Bible today is more read in India than is any other volume, and is perhaps better understood than in some Western countries.

4. The men who put their money into these ventures lived in London. But with the financial resources of London seriously depleted and with India finding her own feet in finance, it is obvious that her public services and trade like her politics, will become more and more Indian and less and less British. However, not in India alone but also in China, the trouble has been in no small measure due to the Oriental vice of corruption and bribery among Asiatic officials. Unless the Indian learns the lesson of honesty in the use of the nation's resources, it will follow infallibly, whatever be his eloquence over nationalism, that the former confusion and impoverishment of the country will recur.

There has been, of course, no migration by the British to India. Even, today, they are a mere handful of people—officials, merchants and missionaries. In no real sense has England established in India a dynasty. Her Governor-General is appointed for five years and for no longer. He is as much a tenant as Mr. Harding is a tenant of the White House. It was different with previous rulers. They came not to govern only but to live and so they became enervated by the climate. To send out governing officials was a big task. But it will be found an even bigger task to find officials who will agree to govern by co-operation, who will debate the points which they used simply to decide.

(To be supplemented by another article next month.)

World Crops for America

Condensed from The Scientific American

R. P. Crawford

How science combs the world for new things to eat, picking and choosing for the menu of the future.

1. Dates, cotton, rice, durum wheat, and navel oranges among 50,000 importations of the Department of Agriculture.

2. Plant immigrants have their own Ellis Island.

3. Some new fruits and vegetables assured of popularity.

4. Immense possibilities of plant importation.

WHAT shall we eat a hundred years from now? The world did not always eat potatoes and only a few years ago tomatoes—"love apples"—were regarded as poisons. What we regard as a weed to-day we may eat tomorrow.

The sole work of the office of Plant Introduction of the United States Department of Agriculture consists in finding new foods for America. It is one of the most romantic government bureaus. Its explorers travel from the heart of Africa to the innermost recesses of China. In less than 25 years it has imported more than 50,000 different plants and seeds to be tried out in this country.

Consider the date palm, one of its accomplishments. Dates are now being grown successfully in California and the Southwest, and the nucleus of a successful American industry is being formed. There are about a million date palms around Indio, California.

There is long-staple cotton, imported from Egypt, which has become such a success in Arizona and neighboring states. It is used in making automobile tires.

The Department of Agriculture spent \$200,000 introducing a rice and establishing an industry in California worth in one year \$20,000,000. Then there is durum wheat introduced from Russia. Land in the Northwest that formerly would not grow crops now produces from 20 to 45 million bushels of wheat. The navel orange was introduced from Brazil and a single year's output in California amounted to 13,000,000 boxes.

In the Southwest and many parts of the plains States corn could not be grown. The Department introduced sorghums. Sudan grass, brought from Africa only back in 1909 is a very popular crop in the South. Peruvian grass, with more cuttings in a season, is also gaining in popularity.

2. Before any new plant immigrants are permitted to enter the United States they must go through their own Ellis Island. There are seven of these laboratories for the inspection of plant immigrants.

3. There are scores of novel and interesting plants which are just coming into use in America as the result of plant explorations. The Assyrian pear, for example, which is resistant to fire blight, the bane of many orchardists.

The Japanese udo, it is believed, will become one of our most popular vegetables. It resembles asparagus to a large extent. Its shoots are often two feet long and an inch in diameter, and are edible to their very base.

Some varieties of the mango weigh six pounds and are as easily eaten as cantaloupes and have a delightful odor, much like that of pineapples. The mango will probably become one of the most important products of southern Florida.

The bamboo is now being grown extensively in a few plantings in southern states. Bamboo may be used for barrel hoops, trellises, ladders, baskets, furniture and even for food. The giant shoots, which sometimes grow at the rate of over a foot a day, when cooked form a great vegetable delicacy.

The Chinese petsai can be produced for about half the cost of lettuce and will grow almost anywhere throughout the country.

The dasheen is similar to the white potato, but when cooked has the flavor of chestnuts. It may be prepared in almost any way that potatoes can, and is cooked about the same length of time. In many parts of the Pacific Coast and Gulf regions the dasheen could be grown more successfully than any other crop.

Most people are familiar with the pistachio nuts from Asia, the little green nuts used so often in ice cream and cake. They are now doing exceedingly well in California.

One might go on and enumerate almost indefinitely new plants which

are being developed for American farms and gardens. There is a Chinese chestnut that is resistant to bark disease; a Chinese dry-land elm that is resistant to extremes of hot and cold; and a sweet cherry that ripens ten days before the earliest cherries. The avocados are also becoming a popular fruit and possess a real food value.

The famous Dutch bulbs for which American people have been paying around \$2,000,000 annually, can be grown quite as well in America.

4. The field of plant exploration is almost unlimited. In fact, its possibilities have hardly been touched. Out of the half million or so distinct plants on the globe, man so far has learned to use only a few hundreds. We will not necessarily continue always to grow the plants we do now. Some of them are expensive food producers, some produce foods that are difficult to digest, and some we may leave behind as we learn to like others better. The American food producer today can pick from the entire world the crops most suited to his land.

Things Are In the Saddle

Summarized from The North American Review

Ellen Burns Sherman

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1. Victims of the tyranny of things.
 2. What would our ancestors have thought?
 3. **Even children are devitalized through many possessions.**
 4. Consider the freedom of the animals.
 5. "Getting, we lay waste our powers."
-

HAD nature planned to give an object lesson on the danger of defeating, with many trivial interests, the supreme possibilities of the soul, she could hardly have furnished a more striking analogy than in the picture of a great ship, prevented from its majestic sweep across the sea by millions of little barnacles.

Our minds—with a miraculous power, akin to that of the soil, in which tares or roses may be raised—sometimes produce little more than a riot of weeds. If many of us were possessed of phenomenal memories, so that we could collect all our thoughts for a month, we might discover what manner of persons we are. We are pre-eminently victims of Things, the myriad things which we think we possess, when quite as often they possess us.

2. Imagine our scape-goat ancestors attempting an eleven o'clock stroll through Drang's ten-story department store. Can we not hear their ejaculations before the mountains of unknown things? Consider alone the millions of things manufactured to protect and adorn their modern descendants. Passing down from milady's hats (for which the American woman spends eleven million dollars every ninety days) no further than her

eyes and ears, we find in eye-glasses, porgnettes, opera-glasses and ear-jewels, several thousands of other things that claim the attention of her much divided mind. For her face and hands, alone, it is well within moderation to say that thousands of different kinds of cosmetics have been manufactured. The same spirit of diversity has presided over her collars, neckties, necklaces and other jewels. Nor even yet have we touched the multitudinous subject of her blouses, dresses, suits, and sweaters, and more intimate raiment.

3. In addition, her house and each room in it, illustrate in countless details the specialism of every craft under the sun. Visit the toy department of any store, or the playrooms of pampered children. For little girls you will find duplicates of almost everything that the girl's parents have, including doll's bedroom and kitchen furnishings, doll's manicure sets and—doll's powder puffs!

The small boy, also, has toys without end. "I don't let my little son play in here"—a room packed with toys—"because it seems to tire him," was the confession of a wealthy father whose small boy had been so literally smothered with playthings that it had robbed him of his play-spirit and devitalized him, as many adults are devitalized by the mere attrition of things.

The creative faculties of such a child are dwarfed for lack of challenge to invent and manufacture playthings for himself, no matter how crudely, as did boys and girls of earlier generations. Some of the happiest memories of old-fashioned New England boys are of the water-wheels, buzz saws, tops, mouse-traps, and bows and arrows which they made. But now, boys and girls, as well as men and women, are manacled by

their manufactured possessions. "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind."

The demands of every sense have multiplied a hundred fold. While millions of children starve, the United States spends yearly eight hundred million dollars for tobacco, and fifty million dollars yearly for chewing gum. While famine stalks in half the countries of Europe and Asia, we spend two hundred million dollars yearly for soda water, three hundred million for candy, and four hundred and fifty million dollars for moving pictures.

4. In their freedom from the tyranny of things, the lower animals may well excite our envy. When they go traveling, they never have any care about baggage, trains or hotels. Tabby never wastes a moment looking in a mirror, dabbing on powder, or adjusting a hat, veil, gloves, coat and rubbers. Many a three-story mansion has been built chiefly to gratify the vanity of some one-story man or woman. But no bird ever built a nest that was not perfectly proportioned to its needs. Nor is it less happy in the beauty and simplicity of its home.

5. Two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time. There is danger that our minds may be so pre-empted by Things that man's brains will degenerate into a kind of mental "five and ten." "Getting and spending we lay waste our powers," wrote Wordsworth long before the

prodigality of our time. All the great ones of the earth have had an instinct for keeping Thing-free some spacious chamber of their being, as a watch-tower for visions and dreams. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Every added possession means an added tax on mind and time to care for it.

Yet, of course, there is a legitimate demand for beauty in our apparel and in our homes. Without such beauty, the very freedom from mental tension for which we plead would be defeated. A becoming gown may release the mind for higher uses, just as the harmonious furnishings of a house may soothe and liberate the mind. Thing-ridden as we are, there are more people today who exemplify the beauty of simplicity in their dress, diction and diet than ever before. On the other hand, there are also more people who are obsessed by Things than ever before.

The Occident prides itself on its material triumphs, its untold conveniences, its inventions. But when all the bedazzlements of modern dwellings have flashed upon our eyes, some switch-key of memory throws upon our mental screen the restful picture of the Arab, his tent and the stars.

Ellen Burns Sherman is a graduate of Smith College, and the author of two volumes of essays, "Taper Lights" and "Words to the Wise—and Others."

An anonymous author said to belong to very high circles in Germany has just published a sensational book, "Germany's Tragedy." One chapter, containing a character study of "The Mad Kaiser" recently appeared in "The Living Age" and has been much discussed. It will be reprinted in *The Reader's Digest* for June.

Editorials

Condensed from The Independent, The Outlook, and Scientific American

1. Not so fast.
2. The Master Builder.
3. Why the inventor invents.

SOMETIMES when one finds the opportunity to look beneath the surface of what we are pleased to call modern civilization, it doesn't seem to be stepping forward quite as fast as the speedometer indicates.

Why are we beginning to marvel at the courage and fortitude of our forebears? Did they bring something with them here that we have dissipated and lost?

When we think of our grandfathers driving from Ohio to the depths of the pine woods with a team of oxen, cutting a clearing to build a shelter for their families, facing a Michigan winter with little more in the larder than corn meal, dried venison, and fish, it makes us ashamed of our petty anxieties and fears for tomorrow. In the midst of ease and comfort we whine when the factory closes down for a month, taking from us the certainty of the pay envelope.

What is the trouble with us, are we getting soft? Are we getting so that we are afraid to assume the responsibilities of life?

The trouble with us, and God help our children, is that we are building for ourselves twin-sixes and over-stuffed davenportes instead of log churches and schoolhouses at the outskirts of civilization. In the early days men put up a hard fight to keep alive those two beacon lights of civilization. Our automatic machines are grinding out an environment for us that is lulling to sleep those things that make men. Theoretically an order of civilization that provides leisure should have something to show in the way of philosophy, painting, poetry,

music, sculpture, and statesmanship. But where are our Platos and Miltons, our Dantes and Michael Angelos? Probably at the "picture show."

Perhaps it isn't as bad as that—but the old log mission house on Houghton Lake makes one wonder if we haven't lost something on the road from there to here.

David Harold Colcord,
In The Independent and The Weekly Review.

2. The rocks tell one something concerning the process of evolution in the past; life tells him what it is in the present. One does not have to go back six thousand years to find God at work in His world. He is at work now, and upon the same principles. In the words of Herbert Spencer: "Amidst all the mysteries by which we are surrounded nothing is more certain than that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." This is an Ever-Present Cause, the source of an energy, the fountain of all life.

The evolutionist formerly thought that creation was a finished house, and he examined it for signs of the Builder's work. Now he sees the Builder at work upon the house. The building is a perpetual process, and was not more evident in what we used to call the dawn of creation than it is today. This vision of creation as a continuing process is well illustrated by Huxley:

"Examine the recently laid egg of some common animal. The microscope reveals it as nothing but a structureless sac, inclosing a fluid with granules in suspension. But let a moderate supply of warmth reach it and it undergoes rapid and purpose-like changes that one can compare to those operated by a skilled modeler upon a formless lump of clay. It is as if a

delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the spinal column, and molded the contour of the body; pinching up the head at one end, the tail at the other, fashioning flank and limb into due proportions in so artistic a way that one feels a hidden artist, with his plan before him, is striving with skillful manipulation to perfect his work."

This is an instance of continuous creation going on as it is revealed by the microscope, but unobserved by most of us; the telescope reveals it as going on in distant stars. Evolution does not banish God from the universe. On the contrary, it enables us to see Him at work by our side, whereas before we only thought we detected indications that He had been at work in ages long remote.

Lyman Abbott,
In *The Outlook*.

3. One idea a week is the average for an inventor of our acquaintance. By vocation the man is an engineer and general handyman in a large New York club, and by avocation an inventor, a born inventor—if inventors are really born. And his ideas are not limited to one field or to one line of reasoning, for one week it may be a non-skid automobile device, the next a new propeller design, then a fascinating game, followed by a dustless ash sifter, and so on from one thing to something totally different. Which makes his case all the more remarkable.

All about us there are thousands and thousands of inventors who at some time or another have brought forth a good idea or perhaps two or three ideas. But when a man can conceive of one good idea a week and

keep this rate up for a year or two, he is certainly the high priest of the inventor's cult. So we recently inquired of him how he came to think up so many ingenious ideas in so many dissimilar fields. And this is what we learned:

Inventions are generally due either to accident or to careful study. Many of the leading inventions can be traced to a chance remark, accident or peculiar incident; indeed, there is a wealth of romance in the history of many inventions. But what makes for inventions as nothing else can, is to refuse to accede the perfection of any given thing. No matter how good it is; no matter how apparent seems its perfection; no matter how long it may have existed in its present shape it can and it must be improved upon. This makes for progress.

We know of another inventor who refused to consider the violin as a perfected instrument, despite the fact that it has not changed its form in the past 300 years or more. Not long ago he brought out a new type of violin which met with instant success. Another inventor believed shoes were far from perfect. Why shouldn't they be ventilated? Doctors tell us that lack of air accounts for most foot troubles. Why not let the feet breathe? thought this inventor; and he went to work and finally perfected a simple shoe ventilator. And so we could go on with specific instances of improvements which have been made on "perfect" articles.

The true inventor takes nothing for granted. Perfection to his way of thinking is strictly a comparative term. He makes "perfect" things still more perfect. Hence his success.

Scientific American.

You will derive more benefit from reading the five-minute gist of an article in *The Reader's Digest*, followed by ten minutes' reflection on what you have read, than if you devoted half an hour reading the original article, without giving to it any subsequent reflection.

Beauty

from Scribner's Magazine

Marguerite Wilkinson

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1. Such unperceived beauty about us!
 2. Trees; and the ever-original sky.
 3. The glory of weather moods.
 4. Give a thought to the birds.
 5. The shrine of the first faith.
-

BY night we slept under the maples, protected only by our blankets, a strip of canvas, and the broad leaves above us. We had cut ourselves loose from the multifarious cares of our ordinary lives and had given ourselves up to learning the ways of sun and wind and rain.

It is something merely to perceive beauty. Once, while driving with a woman, we came upon mountains that were a perfectly honest rosy pink in the distance. "Pink mountains!" I exclaimed. "Who ever heard of pink mountains, you funny woman?" she said solemnly, without even looking at them carefully.

For her the lights and shadows had fallen in vain. The sunset had wasted time in being original. It might as well have copied yesterday's. Looking at the Aurora Borealis or the Grand Canyon, she would have thought the conventional thing, and she would have said it. Oh, the affectation, the lush nonsense men bring to the discussion of sacred themes.

Yet it might have been otherwise if she could have lived out-of-doors for a few months, sharing the overflowing sun, the cool rigor of rain, the invigorating roughness of wind. She might have learned to pray for a soul as beautiful as a far hill under rosy light. For the love of beauty, normally, begins out-of-doors. The

race has been born into this beauty, and out of it.

To the people of the town all rivers are very much alike. The camper knows that no two rivers are alike. A townsman gets little joy from the scent of wood smoke, for he does not know that there are many fragrances in the burning of wood. Dead wood is not like green, and pine is not like maple to our noses. Smoke in frosty air smells sweeter than smoke in summer.

2. Beauty is with trees. I think that man has little culture who has no intimate among the trees. I have loved pines for their power, birches for their refinement, and apple trees because they have received me into their arms. I have listened mute with wonder to the grim rustling of palms in a sea breeze at night and I have watched their dark, pointed fans outspread against the sapphire sky.

The most wonderful sky that I remember was in northern England. It was purple as heather and gray as age, and streaked with amber and rose like an apple, and troubled with wildness like the light in the eyes of a cat. It changed from moment to moment, hue sliding into hue, form melting into form. Dusky castles with blue battlements reared themselves before our eyes. Movement upon movement, glory upon glory challenged our attention.

3. There is no such a thing as bad weather. Indeed, if beauty is to be judged by its rarity, a great storm may be the greatest weather and the most beautiful. To love only weather that is blue and white and golden and placid is to be limited in the love of beauty. Those who can outface a storm and exult in it have a clew to the meaning of life which can help them to triumph in the vicissitudes of experience. I remember a thunder-

storm at night by a northern river-side. We saw the glory of dark trees suddenly illumined by lightning, with leaves that had been like black masses in the darkness suddenly etched sharply upon a clear background. Such a glory of splashing rain upon the vexed black surface of the river! Such a smell of sweetness in air that had been stale as fever!

What is given to us is the privilege of looking on small particles of beauty, parts of the Absolute Beauty, of cherishing them in our lives and telling others about them. To do this faithfully is the fulfilment of destiny. It is all that great artists, great poets, great seers and saints have ever done. It is all that little poets, little lovers, little helpers of mankind can ever hope to do. But it is enough.

4. Today we may see beauty in the storm. Tomorrow it may be found in the wings of a bird. I shall not generalize about the charm of birds, although I have seen the kingfisher swoop to his kill and the blue heron in flight and swallows flying faster than thought. But I must speak of gulls that keep the beaches clean.

They are so common that it is easy to forget the thrilling passion of their flight, the rapturous poise, the circling power, the whirl and sudden dip, beak first, into blue water. It is easy to forget the wild and watchful eyes they have, the sleek whiteness of their pointed heads, the strange pathos of their calls.

Once on a California beach Jim and I ate our luncheon while overhead two gulls halted in the sky, tirelessly vigilant. One of them, seeing our food, swooped low and flew over us, crying. Jim threw a bit of bread on the beach. The gull swooped, caught it, and ascended again. More and more

crumbs we threw. More and more gulls came, five, a dozen, two dozen, then forty by actual count. Their lusty wings beat the air about our ears. They came very near, so near that once a long wing-feather brushed my throat. Even as we had been hungry they were hungry. Even as we had to dare much to get our bread, they had to be daring, too. The whirling rise of them was their victory. Their outcry was the social sharing of the feast.

At sundown in a pine wood in New Hampshire, we were resting under the trees and dreaming dreams. We heard from one of the tall trees a most purely silver song. In a minute we heard a familiar song from another tree, a small flute of Paradise. The first singer answered. A third called. It was the hermit-thrush, with speckled breast. The other two joined him. They hopped about and made their music without a thought of us, the loveliest and most limpid singing. The chanted, they carolled, they fluted. We hardly dared to breathe for fear of interrupting their recital. For ten or fifteen minutes we sat and listened with white awe upon us, and then their wings rustled and they were gone. The place where the rays of the sun had fallen on them was dark and empty.

5. So it has been for me. So may it be for others! For it is an inexpensive blessedness that I have found to save my soul alive in me when I have taken to a highway that leads to the first shrine of the first faith, where trees stand guard over boulders that are altars, and where birds and winds and waters make the hymns I need to hear. And at this shrine I have found bravery for my fear, and wisdom for my doubt, and life to do battle with life again.

Do you know that there are fishes that talk, think, sleep, climb trees, fly, and change colors? Read in the next issue of *The Reader's Digest* an informing article of unusual interest on this subject, taken from the *Scientific American*.

What Your Mirror Will Tell About Your Character

Abstracted from The American Magazine

An Interview with William Judson Kirby by Bruce Barton

1. Characteristics of light and dark persons.
2. Notice the shape of a man's head.
3. An individual's face betrays much.
4. Preciseness in detail shown in dress.
5. Two significant types of foreheads.

"IT is an interesting fact that the mind is least curious about what is nearest to it. It investigated everything else before it began to be curious about itself! Psychology is even now only in its beginnings. Bear this fact in mind in any discussion of character analysis. There are exceptions to every rule. Yet there are certain broad, general principles which any man or woman can apply to the observation of themselves or the folks about them.

"Take color. I use the words lighter and darker, instead of blond and brunet, because I refer not so much to hair and eyes as to general coloring. More than one authority agrees with Havelock Ellis:

"Men of action tend to be fair; men of thought, show some tendency to be dark. The fair man tends to be bold, energetic, restless, and domineering because he belongs to an aboriginal fair stock of people who possessed these qualities; while the dark man tends to be resigned and religious and imitative, yet highly intelligent, not because he is dark but because he belongs to a dark stock possessing those characteristics."

"Board of Trade members are fair, almost to a man; the type that takes long chances, despising caution and monotony. In Congress you observe the same preponderance of the light-

The Reader's Digest

er-skinned. A college faculty, on the other hand, a group of clergymen, of scientists, or of physicians, is likely to show a larger proportion of the darker type—the conservators, the thinkers, the men who would rather be sure of a little than run the risk of losing everything in order to gain a great deal.

"In all ages, the leaders of the race have generally been fair-skinned. To the darker-skinned has fallen the task of thinking things out, of conserving the results and correcting the mistakes of their fairer-skinned brothers, who plunge ahead, creating, but seldom consolidating; conquering, but too impatient to hold and administer.

2. "Next to color, notice the interesting differences in men in the shape of their heads. Suppose Roosevelt and Wilson were to have applied to you for positions in 1912. What would you have noticed?

"Both fair-skinned; both with the eyes of thinkers—rather small eyes set wide apart; both planting their feet with the steady assurance that is characteristic of frankness and sincerity. For a man's walk betrays him.

"Of the two Mr. Wilson would probably have been more carefully dressed, indicating preciseness in detail. But most of all you would have been impressed by the contrast in the shape of the heads of the two men. Mr. Roosevelt's head was square and solid. Mr. Wilson's is more triangular, sloping from the broad forehead to the point of the chin.

"Roosevelt's body was square, like his head. His thick neck and broad head were like the neck and head of a lion; his hands were square and powerful. Mr. Wilson is tapering, his hands and neck more slender; his head higher—denoting mental power,

idealism—but less full behind, less endowed with those elements that we speak of as making a man—'human.'

"The square-heads are the doers. The men of high forehead and tapering faces are the thinkers. The two combined make the well-rounded executive, whose impulse to get things done is guided by the habit of thinking things through. The executing type of men have heads broad between the ears. I don't mean to over-emphasize the importance of the shape of the head. Phrenology in its narrower implications was exploded long ago. But it is worth while not only to notice the breadth of a man's head, but, also, its depth and length behind the ears. That is the part of the brain that loves and feels and acts instinctively—the animal part. Politicians and leaders of men invariably have heads that are big and full behind.

3. "The big, well-shaped nose belongs generally to the self-confident, energetic type of man. Actors, orators and pugilists, whose self-confidence is their stock in trade, have it very frequently.

"Thinness goes more often with the mental type; sturdiness with the so-called motive type.

"You note instinctively the thick, sensuous lips of the selfish, purely physical type of man; the full, good-natured mouth of Taft or Bryan, as contrasted with the firm lips of Rockefeller. You shrink from the eye that is cold or shifty, and are attracted by the eye that is warm and kindly.

"The high-pitched voice belongs to a nervous man, while deep, mellow, even tones, bespeak the self-controlled, tolerant individual, and a growl betrays the lion or bear.

4. "A man's trousers, shoes, tie, the hang of his coat—they all combine to tell the world that he is either impatient of little things, or that he is precise in details. Bankers are invariably immaculately dressed; the same careful attention to detail that shows itself in trousers precisely creased and in a necktie properly tied, shows itself also in accurate judgment in the affairs at the bank.

5. "The forehead is significant. Men of quick, aggressive minds, have sloping foreheads; while the foreheads that rise straight from the eyes belong to the slower-minded folk. How often an executive with sloping forehead dictates to a stenographer with a straight forehead, and frets because she is so slow! Many a tragedy would be avoided in every relationship of life, if we were only to recognize that the two types of foreheads denote two distinct types and speeds of mental activity.

"One of the most interesting facts is that the same face may betray two quite different characters in different periods of life. Men have come to me with cruel, self-centered faces, and ten years later I have seen those men utterly changed—kindly, thoughtful, tolerant.

"Out of twenty years' experience I believe executives should balance themselves with associates of contrasting type. A man should marry his opposite. A man's real interests, his avocations, are of the greater importance than his experience, in determining the work for which he is best fitted. Finally, men differ greatly, but they are alike in this tremendously important fundamental: **they like to be liked**, and they respond in amazing fashion to praise.

The better we are able to judge people, the more we enjoy our association with them. Another valuable article on character analysis will appear in an early issue.

The Land That Uncle Sam Bought and Then Forgot

Digested from The Review of Reviews

Scott C. Bone, Governor of Alaska

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1. The greatest achievement in Alaska's history.
 2. Why Alaska is going backward.
 3. "Once an Alaskan, always one."
 4. The promise of Alaska's future.
 5. As the climate really is.
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BEGUN seven years ago, but interrupted by the World War and halted at other intervals while waiting upon appropriations, the recently completed government railroad is the greatest achievement in Alaska's history. It extends from Seward on Resurrection Bay, to Fairbanks, the commercial center of the interior, with a branch line, a total of 540 miles. It is today maintaining a twice weekly schedule and already has reduced freight-carrying charges from Puget Sound to the rail terminus in the interior by 50 per cent and upward.

The big, outstanding fact is that the Government has built a railroad in Alaska, penetrating a vast unknown wilderness, 5,000 miles distant from Washington, and with never a hint of graft or loot. England has knighted captains of industry for achievements less magnificent and enduring. Its construction has involved infinitely greater difficulties than those encountered by the builders of the transcontinental lines in the States, who won niches in the hall of fame.

2. Will the government railroad pay? Had Uncle Sam comprehended his Alaska as shrewd, empire-building James J. Hill knew and comprehend-

ed the great West, the answer would be affirmative. Colonization would have kept pace with track-laying. Occupied homesteads would now dot all the interior valleys. Markets would have been provided and tonnage created. Capital and people would have been invited and made welcome, and aided in their efforts.

Instead of being closed, the door of the territory would have been open to home-makers. Instead of a dwindling population of fifty-odd thousand—nearly one-half of them Indians and Esquimaux—the 1920 census would have shown Alaska going ahead. But it has been impossible to secure legislative attention, beyond the building of the railroad.

Given a chance, Alaska will thrive as the country west of the Rocky Mountains grew and thrived—not as rapidly, but just as surely and substantially. In the 54 years since Alaska was purchased, thirteen administrations at Washington have come and gone. From only a few of these has Alaska received more than perfunctory consideration.

Intended to be a blessing to the Territory, the conservation policy promulgated by the Roosevelt administration against capitalistic monopoly has resulted in putting 92 per cent of the coal, oil, timber and other resources of Alaska effectually beyond reach not only of the corporate interests, but of the legitimate settlers as well. It has taken from thousands all they possessed, the fruits of years of labor and hardship. There are thirty-eight different bureaus bent upon conducting the affairs of the resident Alaskan, and their headquarters are in Washington. The result is a confusion of long-distance service.

Its resources locked up for the benefit of an unborn posterity, Alaska is going steadily backward. It must have the wisdom and farsightedness that guided the building of the Union. It calls for the restoration of individual initiative and the revival of the pioneer spirit. Government red tape, restrictive laws, and repressive regulations have taken the industrial life out of Alaska.

3. Nevertheless, one may be a full-fledged optimist as to the future of Alaska. To know Alaska is to love Alaska. To understand Alaskans is to pin your faith to their sturdy characters implicitly. A common lot makes for a communion of fellowship and a brotherly love which will ever stand a crucial test.

The lure of Alaska is not mythical. It is real. "Once an Alaskan, always an Alaskan" is not mere epigram. The majority of Alaska's sons who responded so patriotically in the war, returned.

4. The best aspect today is that woman's fine influence is slowly but surely transforming Alaska. School teachers innumerable have found worthy admirers and become charming wives. Home life abounds in Alaska. Most potent in promise is the increasing number of children—rosy-cheeked, happy, healthy children, who live in a clime ideally suited to their young lives. Alaska has 68 Territorial schools, with 3,358 pupils and 169 teachers.

The boast of each growing commun-

ity is its schools and homes. The dance hall, like the saloon, is an institution of the past, although dancing continues the popular diversion. Gambling is a memory. The standard of law and order in Alaska is as high as elsewhere. The last of American frontiers, it is without the characteristics of our earlier frontiers. The Alaska dry law antedates the Volstead enactment. Home brew is in declining vogue, after a period of popularity.

Eleven towns, none of over 5,000 inhabitants, comprise the bulk of Alaska's white population, which is about 30,000. Alaska is American through and through. Its foreign-born citizens are thoroughly Americanized, and they were intensely loyal during the war.

5. The climate is equable, moist and delightful on the coast, is gloriously bright and beautiful and often hot, in the interior, with the temperature ranging from 80 to 90 degrees in the region of the Arctic Circle. Flowers and berries grow in profusion, and Fairbanks is a veritable floral bower. Alaska in mid-winter is seldom snowbound and in the grip of bitter, biting elements. Its ports, save those near Arctic coasts, are open the year around. In fact, the winters in the interior are no more severe, and blizzards no more prevalent than in the Northern States. A million people could live happily and thrive in Alaska if given the chance.

We still strive to turn bad men into good men by shutting them up and making them bitter and hopeless. Read next month what Bernard Shaw says of this practice, in an article, "Down with the Prisons."

Do Climates Change?

An Extract from *The Mentor*

Charles Fitzhugh, U. S. Weather Bureau

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1. The fallibility of weather recollections.
 2. Climate hasn't changed for centuries.
 3. Does the weather tradition go back to the glacial age?
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OFTEN we hear the remark: "The climate has changed. I remember the time when—." Similar talk about changes of climate is heard all over the world. Benjamin Franklin, in 1770, wrote, "Our winters are not so intensely cold, nor our summers so disagreeably warm as they have been." Thomas Jefferson makes a similar statement in one of his books written in 1781.

Nothing is more fallible than recollections of weather. Man remembers the exceptional and forgets the usual. This is particularly true in regard to deep snows, because they are likely to upset the affairs of daily life. Memories of being "snowbound" are vivid and lasting.

2. Throughout the world there are more than 30,000 places at which daily observations of the weather have been

made and recorded; many of the records, in both the Old World and the New, extend far back into the eighteenth century.

These records show conclusively that the climates of the world are pretty much the same now as they were decades and centuries ago. There have always been occasional periods of extreme heat or cold, drought or moisture. Since the beginning of American history there have been occasional exceptionally cold winters—but always they have been remembered and talked about as typical of the climate prevailing at that time.

3. In the remote past, of which geology furnishes the record, climates were, at times, radically different from those of today. Much of the North American continent was once buried under thousands of feet of ice. Since we have proof that there were human beings on earth, it is just possible that the universal belief in the "old-fashioned" winter may be a tradition handed down from that far-away time. Who knows?

clarity to resist it. There is nothing but a lot of opportunist politicians, each with an eye on the home district and regardless of any national need, rushing to do the bidding of any who come along and say: "If you do not do this we will be against you at the next election."

4. This vast flood of unnecessary and foolish laws generally provide that they shall be enforced by the Federal Government. The result is that the growth of bureaucracy has put on the American people a burden of government, meddling, inefficient, spying, costly and unnecessary, that is intolerable. "Every business man finds an inspector at his elbow. Nobody escapes. Everything in the moral, industrial and commercial world is to be owned, operated, supervised or censored, from the birth of a baby to the burial of a corpse; and the worst is not yet."

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler says: "We are building a series of bureaucracies that will put to shame the best efforts of the Czar of all the Russias when in the heyday of its glory. The people are called upon to support, through their taxes, whole armies of individuals who should be engaged in productive industry."

5. Unless we scrap the present Republican and Democratic parties and build up new parties with blood and

bones in them instead of only bones, we shall continue on our rapid progress toward a limitless bureaucracy. We shall be further dominated by special organized interests of all phases of our lives and we shall have a completely changed and highly restrictive form of government, neither conceived by the charter of our liberties nor allowed by a party system that was really governmental for all the people instead of especially governmental for groups of the people.

We need parties to get this Government down to a sane basis; to set up political principles that shall be in conformity to our institutions; to fight and defeat all this vast domination by special privilege. We need parties that will mean something, stand for something, do something.

It is not to be expected that the American people will continue indefinitely under the present burden of taxation, of paternalism, of bureaucracy, of espionage, of futility in Congress, of special-interest domination.

There will be two or more new parties in this country before 1928. It is of no use to suggest that the old parties can be reformed and rejuvenated. That has been tried. We can't reform them. Therefore the thing to do is to bury them and proceed to the duties and necessities of the insistent present and the hopeful future.

A Member writes: "My only fault to find is that 'The Little Magazine' is so interesting I continue to read until the last page is finished and then it is a long wait until the next month."

It should be remembered, however, that "much reading is like much eating—wholly useless without digestion."

This magazine contains a great deal of meaty material in concentrated form, and greater profit will be derived from it, if it is read more leisurely during the month.

The Human Side of Business Administration

Summarized from The Atlantic Monthly

B. S. Rowntree

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1. Why not industrial peace between Capital and Labor?
 2. Indifference of employer leads to unrest.
 3. The tragedy of unemployment.
 4. Profit-sharing essential to lasting peace.
 5. No such thing as "Labor."
-

TODAY, nations are anxiously seeking to settle their differences peacefully. This constitutes the hope for humanity. And the time has come to think industrial peace. Its realization is perfectly possible. The perpetual industrial warfare from which the whole world suffers—the "unrest" can be ended in your lifetime and mine.

The trouble is that, hitherto, both Capital and Labor have regarded unrest as inevitable; whereas, its existence is a serious reflection on the ability of business administrators.

In the first place, industrial peace cannot be secured by "keeping the workman in his place." Popular education and democracy sealed the doom of industrial serfdom, and the war put the last nail in its coffin.

I have just visited a large number of factories in the United States, and I have been amazed by the high degree to which research departments have been developed. But when the heads of these factories pass from the technical to the human problems of industry, the scientific spirit seems to leave them. There is none of the spirit of the explorer, of the research student. He does not say, "I have

used certain means with Labor but have been unsuccessful. I must hand this problem over to the laboratory, to find out where I am wrong." We shall allay industrial unrest only if we approach the problem in the patient, scientific spirit that we adopt in other departments of industry.

2. Minimum wages should be based on human needs. The minimum wages should enable a man to marry, to live in a decent house, and to maintain a healthy family of normal size, leaving a reasonable margin for contingencies and recreation. If there were real industrial peace, leading to cordial co-operation, wages might be increased without corresponding increase in the cost of production. Moreover, wages should not necessarily be advanced immediately. The point of importance is that the workers shall know, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that the employer, on his own initiative, is straining every nerve so as to increase the efficiency of his business as to enable him to pay an adequate minimum wage. What leads to unrest is indifference on the part of the employer, and his refusal to raise inadequate wages save under pressure of a strike. Such employers often protest that to raise wages will ruin their business. But the strike succeeds, wages are forced up, and the business continues to provide adequate profits. Is the anger of workers surprising?

3. The economic insecurity of the worker's life probably contributes most to industrial unrest. It is not realized in the least how heavily this insecurity weighs on the worker's mind, and of unemployment, illness,

and old age, the first causes the worker the deepest concern.

Think of the tragedy of unemployment—the agony of breaking the news at home; the hopeless search for work, the piling up of debts; the pawnshop; then short rations, the wife and children getting thinner; the empty stove, the empty purse, the heart empty of hope.

Ah, yes; it may be easy for an employer to say, "I've had to lay off 500 hands"; but the words are fraught with sombre meaning to each of the "hands" laid off, and to his wife and bairns. There is profound bitterness in the thought that his labor is mere chattel, to be bought and kept while needed, then to be thrown away like an empty tomato can. That thought makes the promises of the revolutionist orator inviting, and is the chief cause of industrial unrest.

3. What is the bargain that Capital makes with Labor? Is it not essentially this: 'My capital is useless to me without workers who will make it fruitful. Your labor can effect but little without my capital. Let us co-operate, and we will share the product?' But does this necessarily imply a relation of master and servant?

Workers don't like to come into the factory and find posted some new shop-rule, vitally affecting their lives in the framing of which they have had no part. The great majority of workers do not ask to share in the control of the financial sides of industry. All they ask is to share in determining the working conditions.

If we should secure industrial peace, let the watchword of the management be: "How far can I invite the co-operation of the workers in the industrial side of factory administration?"—not "How little of my power need I give up?"

4. The workers say, "Why should we do our very best, as you are constantly urging, when the chief result, so far as we can see it, is to increase the dividends of shareholders for whom we care nothing?"

It would be quite different if, after

labor had received its standard wage, and capital the interest on capital invested, plus a reasonable premium, to cover risk, any surplus profit should be divided between Capital and Labor in a previously agreed proportion. I am convinced that profit-sharing, as a means of developing co-operation between the two parties in industry is an essential condition to lasting peace.

Some have tried one of these methods, others have tried others. I do not think that we shall achieve success until we try all five together. I visited a factory in America where all these points were adequately dealt with; and the results were all that could be desired. So far from proving costly, the output per man had increased by 25 per cent.

5. A word in conclusion. An overbearing foreman may completely spoil the spirit of admirable regulations. Remember there is no such thing as "Labor." The working force consists of a number of individuals, each having a personality different from all the rest. They are as sensitive as we are to encouragement and discouragement, as easily roused to anger or suspicion, as easily aroused to loyalty and effort.

Put the best man in the works in charge of labor, the man with the wisest head and the biggest heart. Don't minimize the labor side of business. That is the mistake we have made in the past, and for which we are paying bitterly today.

And lastly, let us not forget Tolstoy's warning: "It all lies in the fact that men think there are circumstances when one may deal with human beings without love; and there are no such circumstances. One may deal with things without love; one may cut down trees, make bricks, hammer iron, without love; but one cannot deal with men without it; just as one cannot deal with bees without being careful. If you deal carelessly with bees, you will injure them, and will yourself be injured. And so with men."

Do Women Dress to Please Men?

Condensed from The Century Magazine

NO! By Alexander Black

Last month Charlotte Perkins Gilman upheld the affirmative side of this question.

1. Dress has strayed far from its beginnings.
 2. On relaxing in dress after marriage.
 3. Dressing for art or oneself's sake.
 4. Social pressure of dress exerted by women.
 5. More important motives than to please men.
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FEW, if any, of our acts or habits have a single causation, and most of us are poor witnesses as to our own motives. We have an instinct, and label it with a motive. For this reason I cannot confidently quote the circumstance that many women have assured me that women do not dress to please men. For the moment I ignore the testimony. Denial not only does not remove suspicion, but often inspires it. I can see why women, in speaking to a man, might deny motives of this sort from a sense of need to take some of the conceit out of men.

In view of the history of feminine ornament, some men might feel sharply hurt by proof that they were responsible for the way women dress.

I will concede Mrs. Gilman's biological deductions as to primitive women. I take the risk of admitting anything as to early women and early men, and that devices of sex attraction are no more obsolete than sex rivalry. But I cannot concede that because women began decorating themselves to please men they still decorate themselves wholly or even generally for that simple reason. There

are many signs plain to everyone that the dress of women, like many another institutional function, has strayed far from its beginnings.

2. It is conceivable that the orthodox Jewish woman who dons a harsh wig and tries to look old and settled after her marriage, and the fashionable Christian woman who tries after her marriage to look as unsettled and as young as possible, are both willing to please men. Mrs. Gilman sees a relaxing of dress coquetties after marriage. Undoubtedly, the same abandonments appear in many men. Courtship is a highly competitive game, more competitive than it used to be, and artifices of dress are as common as artifices of conduct, on both sides of the house. But the proportion of women who abandon pretty clothes after marriage for any other reason than because they can't get them, or haven't a chance to wear them, is surely very small. There must be, also, some evidential weight in the fact that the most extravagantly decorative clothes are very often worn by women who have accomplished marriage. These women might have sense enough to know that pleasing men, and particularly a man, is still good strategy. It will be a sad world when the pleasing of one woman by one man and the pleasing of one man by one woman stops being instinctive or profitable. But the signs go quite beyond that. An excessive splendor so often persists long after domestic groaning begins, so long after even bankruptcy sets in, that one would often have to eliminate the husband at least from the list of pleased men. The notorious fact that husbands are as a class unobservant and unappreciative of partner decoration, might not disprove the continued need for the coquetry. And it does tend to imply that women are

aware of the fact that there are other men. But it rather hampers proof that women have any singleness of need for masculine approval.

3. The primitive woman may have decorated and drudged (she was permitted to carry all the bundles) to please a man. But a great many things woman once did to please a man, the free or freer woman of today simply does to please humanity or to please herself. If men began by decorating themselves to dazzle women, and now find a more imperative reason for dressing well in the fact that it is good business, why may it not be assumed that women have found in the same function a far different and a far wider expression than any primitive instinct could have prophesied? Who does not know men who set out to get money with which to live, and who, long ago lost sense of anything but the money?

4. The dress of women has become a great art, often practiced for its own sake. What was once primitively personal has become artistically social. One thing influences us all more than any other thing—social pressure. There is a social expectation that women will be highly decorated. I believe that for a woman this pressure is felt as exerted mostly by other women. If designed merely to please men, decoration would scarcely need to be so fine an art as it is now.

The Saturday-night emphasis at a summer colony may be occasioned by men, but only as an excuse.

I believe that some women "dollar up" almost solely to please men. I believe that many others have never had any such motives. I believe that most women are willing that their decoration should incidentally please men. It is doubtless a matter of percentages.

5. I don't believe women "dress" solely to please men, not only because they don't have to take that much trouble, not only because dress is so satisfying in itself, and because, as an art, it must always be influenced more by its specialist criticism than by its spectators, and women are the specialists; but because most women have other business in life, and pleasing other women has become as important to them as pleasing men, in a vast number of cases more important.

I do not believe that the special sense of humor which women illustrate in their clothes is equally distributed among all women. Some women, it is quite evident, do not see the clothes pleasantries at all. Yet I am quite sure that men usually miss not only the art implications of dress, not only the subtle difference between pleasing and teasing, but the secret reservations that must ever establish the ultimate point of the joke.

How many articles are there in *The Reader's Digest* that won't be of equal value and interest a year hence? And do you know of any periodical that is easier to keep for future enjoyment than "*The Little Magazine*?"

It is significant that new Members invariably ask to have their subscriptions begin, if possible, with the first issue of the *Digest*.

Mutations in Human Progress

Abstracted from The Forum

John Candee Dean, Sc.D.

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1. Seven Mediterranean races have flourished and died.
 2. How old is the human race?
 3. The wonder of the world for 50 centuries.
 4. Conditions in 3400 B.C. comparable to Russia today.
 5. Is our civilization on the decline?
-

DURING the past fifty years we have greatly extended our knowledge of the early history of both civilized and archaic man. There have been seven successive periods of civilization, separated by epochs of barbarism. Each succeeding race has had its beginning, flourished, decayed and died. There is little evidence to support the common idea that Nature has a blind tendency toward universal progress. It is true that the higher forms of life were developed from the lower forms, but it does not follow that development is always progressive, and that Nature assures us of continuous human advancement. Man's advancement has been made by mutations.

In many instances prehistoric forms of life have been extinguished with startling suddenness. The archaic mammals met their fate largely through competition and fluctuating climate. The ancestors of man, the primates, were wholly extinguished in North America. The Pleistocene period was a time of wholesale extinctions, when races of animals were blotted out, but man by his superior mental attributes was able to survive.

2. It is impossible to comprehend the slowness of the processes involved in biological evolution. The Java ape-man, of which fossil remains have been found, is estimated to have lived

about 500,000 years ago. The oldest known European remains are those of the Heidelberg man; estimated age about 350,000 years. The Neanderthal man lived perhaps 50,000 years ago, and the Cro-Magnon cave men about 25,000 years ago.

Not until the present generation have we been able to trace the development from the ape-man of Java through the age of struggle to the Cro-Magnon man, and then the civilizations in Egypt, the Orient, and Europe, to the highly developed men of today.

Even the ancient Babylonians were familiar with the fact that races had their periods of development and decay. The distinctive art of Egypt appeared about 4500 B.C. and was followed by a dark age. Then came a period when art was very rude; during a later dynasty the rise in art was rapid and there arose the great age of pyramid builders.

3. The pyramid tomb of Cheops, built in the thirtieth century B.C., is still the largest stone structure of ancient or modern times. Here is the conclusive evidence of man's emergence from barbarism, and it is a witness of the effect of a well-organized government. It contains 2,300,000 blocks of stone, each weighing two and a half tons. There are several dressed stones weighing fifty tons each. Many of the stones are thought to have been sawed into shape with copper saws set with black diamonds. This period was remarkable for its development of the sumptuous work of the goldsmith and lapidary, which has perhaps never been equalled in modern times.

Near the great pyramid is the Sphinx, which for fifty centuries has been the wonder of the world. It represents the head of a king on the body of a crouching lion. It is carved

from the living rock, and is 140 feet in length.

4. The dark age which preceded the great pyramid builders is described by an Egyptian writer of about 3400 B.C. Conditions existed very much like those in Russia today. "The laws are rejected. Things are now done that were never done before, for a party of miserable men have removed the king. Filth is everywhere and everybody is clothed in dirty garments. The river is blood. The towns are destroyed and Upper Egypt is a desert. Noble ladies and slave girls suffer alike, and the children of princes are dashed against the wall."

By 2000 B.C. the forces which had expanded Egyptian life and power to a height never before attained by a nation, were exhausted. Civil confusion and decay set in, and finally closed with the Hyksos invasion.

About 3000 B.C. the work of the Nile artisans found its way across the Mediterranean to the island of Crete where the first European civilization was developed. The wonderful Cretan civilization was overwhelmed and obliterated about 1200 B.C. by the ancestors of the Greeks, who came through the passes of the Balkans, occupying Southern Greece. They were then barbarians little advanced beyond the Stone Age. The drawing on Greek pottery of this period was not so good as that of the Cro-Magnon cave men of France who lived 25,000 years earlier.

Then, again, as the Assyrian civilization declined, that of Greece rapidly developed, culminating about 450 B.C. and surpassing the previous stage of Egyptian culture. The descent from Greek and Roman enlightenment to the barbarism of the dark ages is the most familiar example of the decline of social development. It marks the barbaric period between an-

cient and modern times. The fifth century saw the dismemberment of the Roman Empire. Western Europe was broken up. From the fifth to the tenth century there was no progress in Europe. This was the sixth recurrent dark period of Mediterranean civilization. The last dark age finally crystallized into feudalism, and, in the eleventh century, a revival of learning, wealth, art and manners began.

5. Do present conditions in Russia, and the spread of Bolshevism and other events in Europe portend a downward movement toward another dark age in Europe? Are the powers of the individual to make the most of himself to be suppressed by unreasoning, collective groups? Remember that every discovery by which human relationship has been improved, by which civilization has progressed, has been produced by the creative power of the individual, never by the power of a combination of men. The great discoveries that have elevated human thought or action, have been created by the private judgment of bold and able individuals.

All human progress is intellectual. The social value of any group of men is in proportion to the mental capacity of a few individuals of superior intellectual growth. Progress is due to human variation.

Sometimes the fading of civilization has been caused by the extinction of property rights, through invasion, or revolution, or both. No country can be prevented from sinking to barbarism unless private property is secure. Where a people are protected in the enjoyment of things created by their industry, and saved by their frugality, regardless of destructive wars and heavy taxes, they will advance in commerce, art, wealth and power.

The National Carnival of Crime

Abridged from Current History, published by the New York Times

Charles Frederick Carter

(Concluded from the April issue)

1. The real cause of increasing crime.
2. An enlightening contrast with Canada.
3. Chicago's "crime trust" fairly typical.
4. Criminals run little risk in New York.
5. The amazing apathy of the public.

IT is customary to apologize for the ever-increasing lawlessness by attributing it to the after-effects of the war. Yet for 30 years the increase has been the subject of public comment. In 1908, Chief Justice Taft in an address in New York City, said:

"The administration of criminal law in this country is a disgrace to our civilization. The prevalence of crime and fraud, which here is greatly in excess of that in European countries, is due largely to the failure of the law to bring criminals to justice. Since 1885 there have been 131,915 murders and 2,286 executions. In 1885 the number of murders was 1,808; in 1904 it had grown to 8,482. The number of executions in 1885 was 108; in 1904, 116. As murder is on the increase, so is all crime; and there can be no doubt that it will continue to increase unless the laws are enforced with more certainty and more severity."

By 1918 the odds that the murderer could escape the death penalty had increased to 90 to 1. In 1920 the District Attorney of New York City investigated 679 homicide cases. Of these 130 were presented to a Grand Jury, which returned 78 indictments. Of the total just one was convicted of murder in the first degree.

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2. In Canada things are done differently. At the United States ratio of murder to population, Canada should have had 460 such crimes in 1913. The actual number was 55. The number accused and brought to trial was 55, of whom 23 were convicted and sentenced to death; of the rest, 5 were sent to insane asylums and the remaining 27 were acquitted. When the crime of murder is accompanied by such grave risk it is small wonder that murders are few.

In Philadelphia there were 501 highway robberies in 1919, as compared with 471 the preceding year and 330 in 1913. In Baltimore there were 319 highway robberies in 1919, as compared with 27 in 1913. In New York City, 1,133 assaults and robberies were reported in 1919, as compared with 864 in 1917. In the whole Dominion of Canada just 20 highway robberies were reported in 1918.

3. Crime had been steadily increasing in Chicago at least since 1893 until it became so intolerable that in 1914 (ten weeks before the war began) the city council appointed a committee of three to investigate conditions. This report would serve to describe conditions in an unpleasantly large number of American cities.

The committee found that professional criminals had built up a system which the committee designated as a "crime trust," with roots extending through the police force, the bar, the public prosecutor's office, bondsmen and political officials. Collusion existed between members of the detective force and professional criminals.

The burglar's trust had its wholesalers, its jobbers and its retailers with interstate branches. Certain professional bondsmen not only supplied

bonds for criminals unfortunate enough as to be arrested, but acted as general "fixers," to smooth out misunderstandings with the culprits' associates on the police force. There was also a group of criminal lawyers whose work included dealing with the police, furnishing professional alibis and professional witnesses, jury fixing and spiriting away inconvenient witnesses, and procuring exhaustive continuances.

Of 7,342 felony cases 932 resulted in convictions, but only 208 finally received penitentiary or reformatory sentences; that is, only one felony case in 69 was punished at all. From this it will be seen that the risk of punishment for crime in Chicago is hardly enough to be very effective as a deterrent. To offset this and provide the desirable camouflage of great zeal on the part of the police department and the courts, the committee reported that "the present machinery catches poor, petty and occasional criminals and punishes them severely," while "thousands of innocent persons are annually imprisoned in the county jail, many of them under disgraceful conditions, tending to create criminals."

4. New York has even gone so far as to reprimand a convicted burglar! In the two years, 1920-21, there were 6,035 arrests for burglary in New York. Of these 3,380 were discharged and 2,755 convicted. But of the 2,755 convicted, 987 received suspended sentences; 94 were paroled or bonded, while 67 were fined, a punishment which involved no loss of liberty. And then there was the one that was reprimanded.

Suspended sentences are by no means peculiar to the city. The Secretary of State of New York reports that 34.6 per cent of all sentences imposed in 1919 by the criminal courts of the State were suspended. Yet 90 per cent of all convictions were secured on pleas of guilty. The routine seems to be: Commit your crime, wait at the police station until a bail bond can be made out, which frees you to continue operations until your case is reached (and the courts are one to two years behind on their work), then

plead guilty, accept a suspended sentence and repeat.

Sometimes the trial Judge forgets to suspend sentence. In that case the Parole Board comes to the rescue of the culprit. In the year ended June 30, 1920, the New York Parole Board placed 19,637 prisoners, one-third of the total prison population for that year, on parole. Yet, in 1917 the records showed that 87 per cent of the prisoners confined in various New York State prisons were repeaters.

Every State in the Union has a probation law along the same general lines. In 1919 no fewer than 200,000 were "dealt with" on parole.

5. Bearing in mind the complacency with which the acquittal of the Matewan murderers was received; the horrible record of lynchings; the spectacle of San Francisco women overwhelming with kisses and flowers a motion picture actor upon his release from jail charged with killing a girl under disgusting circumstances; the clamor for the release of Debs, who confessed in court that he had done all he could to stab his country in the back while it was at war, and a thousand other kindred incidents which will readily occur to any newspaper reader, it would seem as if the encouragement of crime had become a national cult.

The Chicago Crime Commission suggests these remedies:

A larger police force, free from political taint.

Better Judges, and restrictions on granting new trials.

Repeal of the law permitting change of sentence after it is imposed.

Take the selection of Judges out of the sink-hole of politics.

Dispense with juries in certain criminal cases where it would not be unjust to the defendant.

Maintain efficient bureaus of records of criminals.

Amend indeterminate sentences and parole laws.

More severe punishment for carrying concealed weapons.

Judge Rosalsky says:

"It is time for well-meaning reformers who have given too much consideration to hardened criminals to step aside and permit honest citizens to have the protection the courts want to give them."

Lincoln's Mind In the Making

Extracts from McClure's Magazine

Harvey O'Higgins

1. Humor a device to disarm opposition.
2. Lincoln's humility served him well.
3. Influences of home life.
4. Early failures saddened his career.
5. Lincoln, middle-aged and broken, before real success came.

IT was an historic moment when Lincoln called his cabinet together on Sept. 22, 1862, to hear his proclamation freeing the slaves. Everyone recognized it as such. Lincoln opened the meeting by reading a comical page from "Artemas Ward: His Book." He knew the importance of the moment. He was prepared to face the opposition of his cabinet members, a majority of whom he knew were set against issuing the proclamation. Yet, at one of the most solemn crises of his official life, he began by reading Ward's ridiculous account of how a visitor to his wax works attacked the figure of Judas Iscariot. Perhaps he was unconsciously using his humor as an instinctive device to disarm opposition he knew he was facing, to elude enmity, to gain goodwill.

Having laid aside the book, he recalled to the cabinet that he had discussed with them, two months before, an order freeing the slaves, which was not issued because a majority of the meeting objected to it. He proposed to issue it now, because he had promised God that if the rebel army were driven out of Maryland he would free the slaves. He said: "I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending any-

thing but respect for any of you. I know very well that many others might, in this matter as in others, do better than I can. But there is no way in which I can have any other pot where I am. I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take."

2. This mixture of determination and humility is significant. In his first campaign speeches as a candidate for the Illinois legislature, when he was twenty-three years old, he began some of his speeches, "I am humble Abraham Lincoln"—consciously taking advantage of his apparent inferiority in order to get under his opponent's guard. He used the same device now, to disarm those members of his cabinet who, he knew, felt themselves superior to him.

Characteristic, too, was his cautious deliberateness in bringing the matter of emancipation to an issue. "Deliberate slowly, but execute promptly," was one of his favorite mottos. He wanted his conclusions to be intelligently thought out before attempting to persuade others. He had the virtue of patient intelligence.

The careful logic of his Gettysburg speech is a product of the same trait. His very precision and lucidity are symptoms of the unconscious feeling of inferiority that speaks so emotionally in the prediction: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here."

3. While very young Lincoln showed unusual evidences of ambition; probably the conscious effort to overcome a subconscious sense of inferiority. The feeling gained strength in his later youth from a recognition of his personal uncouthness, his awkwardness, his poverty, his ignorance, and the inferiority of his family. It may have come out of some cruelty

of his father, who would often knock him down for asking too many questions. Moreover, his mother's pitiful, sad patient face must have been to Lincoln the symbol of all the injustice and poverty and hardships and oppressions of life as he first suffered them.

Both Lincoln's mother and step-mother were religious. They asked family blessings at meals, and Lincoln is reported to have said to his father, at a meal which was all potatoes: "Dad, I call these mighty poor blessings." The poverty of the family was extreme. The father was a failure. He had a great liking for pokes, and there he set a pattern which his son imitated.

Herndon reports: "In illustration of his religious code, I once heard him say he was like a religious speaker who said: 'When I do good, I feel good; and when I do bad, I feel bad; and that's my religion.'" The inflexibility of his conscience was probably the echo of his mother's voice. It was her voice undoubtedly that kept him on an isolated backwoods farm, until he was twenty-one, in spite of his ambition and his distaste for physical labor and his eagerness for education.

4. At twenty-one he began clerking in New Salem, where his honesty and uprightness soon made him noticeable. He became "Honest Abe" and the name was the passport to his first political success. He was elected to the Illinois legislature three years after his arrival in New Salem.

But he had failed financially, and was fifteen years paying off debts assumed as a storekeeper. And now he failed to realize his love-object. Two years after the death of Anne Rutledge, Lincoln told a member of the Legislature that "Although he seemed to enjoy life rapturously, yet when alone he never dared to carry a pocket-knife."

Lincoln's conscience prevented him from making a financial success of politics or of law. He could not de-

fend a man whom he knew to be guilty. He could not press an unjust claim. He accumulated popularity, but he had no tangible evidence of past achievement to buoy him up during intervals of failure and depression. When asking for credit to the amount of \$17 to buy furniture, when starting to practice law in Springfield, Speed says, "The tone of his voice was so melancholy that I felt then, as I think now, that I never saw so gloomy and melancholy a face in my life."

5. He became attracted to Mary Todd, apparently out of ambition, and won her from his political rival, Stephen A. Douglas. She fell ill of indecision but accepted Lincoln. On the day set for the wedding, Lincoln did not arrive for the ceremony. He was found, near daybreak, wandering about. "Restless, gloomy, miserable, desperate." He said, "I am the most miserable man living." Another wedding day was set. He came to the altar "as pale and trembling as if being driven to the slaughter." It was not a love match for either of them. It did not help him escape subconscious unhappiness.

He devoted himself to politics and played the game with great shrewdness, but his conscience was opposed to the Mexican War, and he introduced resolutions to Congress—to which he had been elected—against it. Political defeat resulted in a renewed application to law. He was now a middle-aged and rather broken man who regarded himself as a failure. When his sense of unworthiness, fear of competition and lack of persistence prevented him from obtaining a position in Washington as Commissioner of the General Land Office, he wrote: "There is nothing about me to authorize me to think of a first-class office." He told his law partner that his course in Congress had killed him politically.

The issue of slavery brought the sudden turning-point in his career and his election to the Presidency.

Payeye

A Condensation from Asia, The American Magazine on the Orient

Merlin Moore Taylor

One of a series of articles to appear in The Reader's Digest, giving interesting glimpses of life and customs in strange lands.

1. Where murder is a mark of manhood.
 2. Countless villages destroyed by feuds.
 3. A camera and the superstitious savage mind.
 4. Barricaded villages on mountain peaks.
 5. Cannibals of the jungle after meat.
-

WE were boring inland from the New Guinea coast—three white men, a dozen black police and 120 native carriers. Humphries had been ordered to map certain regions where no white man ever had set foot and where the natives kill and eat each other as their forefathers did hundreds of years ago. I was hunting thrills and literary material and Downing was my photographer.

In need of a camera boy, we picked up Payeye, at one of the villages, through the village constable. Long years ago, one of Payeye's ancestors had committed a murder. Murder in New Guinea is not a crime. On the contrary, a man is not considered a man until he has shed human blood. He must kill somebody, strong man, decrepit woman, helpless child, before he obtains the right to wear the feather head-dress; and until he has that mark of manhood, he may not marry.

2. Well, Payeye's ancestor, who lived in a village perched on a mountain peak, had ambushed and killed a villager from a neighboring peak. The relatives of the dead man plotted revenge. That was many years ago. For generations, the enmity had per-

sisted, until by the time Payeye was fifteen there was only a handful left in his village, who scattered to neighboring friendly villages. The explorer in New Guinea comes upon traces of countless villages that have been wiped out by long and relentless feuds.

Payeye's mother had not been a mountain woman. His savage father had carried her off during a raid, and she had resignedly accepted exile from her own people. How Payeye, the last of his own family, left to shift for himself, had traversed mountains and finally reached a civilized village, is a long story that can't be told here.

3. He was a sullen, grumpy little beggar, who had little use for Humphries or myself, feared the police and would not associate with the carriers. His savage brain could not encompass the mysteries of the camera. A negative, in which he should have seen some object or person, brought not the slightest sign of recognition to his face.

But one night, Downing made some prints from negatives. Payeye began to take notice. Suddenly it flashed upon him that he was gazing upon the reproduction of something he had seen a day before, and with a yell of terror he bolted through the curtained door, and brought the whole tent crashing to the ground.

The next day we found that the youngster had ejected from his carryall bag the tin-foil, the film-spools, the black paper and all the other things that he had hoarded when Downing threw them away. Moreover, Payeye had disappeared.

4. By this time we were well into the mountains. The pole barricades around the few, low-built huts were stoutly lashed together. Inside the barricades, the ground was sowed with stout sticks, the sharp points of

which would impale the foe who climbed over the high fence. We saw these villages, perched on the highest peaks, long before we reached them. The roads to them were mere foot paths, and they wound around cliffs, often with perpendicular walls hundreds of feet high.

Sentinels spotted us hours, sometimes days, before we arrived at the villages, and the people vanished into the forests with all their belongings as we approached; we often saw them re-entering the villages after we had passed.

We counted noses each night, to make sure that none of the carriers had been lost. We had no fear of a general attack; for there were too many of us. But it was quite to be expected that hostile natives, always lurking in the bush along the trail, might cut off a straggler.

Then one day we heard some one come charging down the trail, and Downing's big body-guard burst into sight.

"Mist' Downing fall down and break him one leg!" he gasped.

As we ran back, we knew what this accident would mean—days of carrying an injured man over trails that would make his suffering excruciating. But when we caught up with the body-guard, he was aimlessly circling about and Downing was nowhere in sight.

Suddenly, a heavy pig-spear hurtled past our heads, and the trail, until then empty and silent, suddenly filled with naked, black bodies running towards us in the piercing cry of the cannibal who knows that meat is at hand. As we whirled to flee, I saw Payeye come shooting down the trunk of a tree, with mocking laughter on his lips.

We won the race, and the savages scattered when the police fired a few shots over their heads.

"Now Downing is beyond any help we can give him," said Humphries.

Noon of the next day found us halted in the bed of a creek. After luncheon, Humphries and I found our sentinels in a listening attitude with their rifles ready. Soon we made out

the hum of human voices, rapidly drawing nearer. We all dropped behind boulders, from which our weapons commanded the trail that descended the opposite bank.

But our weapons dropped, and we sprang to our feet with a whoop of joy. Following two savages came Payeye and Downing, limping painfully and supported by natives. Downing called: "It's all right, old dears. Come and meet Payeye's friends."

Then we fell upon Downing, back from the dead, and finally he told us what had happened.

"When I dropped behind yesterday to take a picture, I broke through some roots and gave my leg a wrench. I told my guard to catch you and bring some one to help me. He had no sooner left than Payeye came along. He was carrying a spear, and, remembering those feathers he so much wants to wear, I fired my revolver in the air. Then all of a sudden a lot of niggers appeared; and I figured it was all up with me.

"But Payeye got in front of me and made them a speech, and a different sort of look came over their faces. A couple of them carried me off down the trail. Payeye and the others stayed behind, but they soon caught up with us and we went to a village. They dumped me in a hut and they sat in front of it half the night around a fire arguing about something. Payeye seemed to be having a lot to say. Finally, he came into the hut and patted my hand as if to reassure me; then he lay down beside me and went to sleep."

"It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard," said Humphries. "Payeye's as much a cannibal as any of them, and he could have had human flesh and won his manhood rights by killing you."

Then an interpreter questioned Payeye. "He did not kill Mr. Downing and kept his friends from killing him," said the interpreter, "because he thinks the white man is a great sorcerer. He was afraid Mr. Downing would point the black box at him and put a spell on him."

The Tight Rope of Pretense

Condensed from The Ladies' Home Journal

Margaret Deland

1. Pretense in "appreciation" of the arts.
2. A woman who hated intellectual pretense.
3. The most frequent of all pretenses.
4. The false estimates of youth.
5. A householder who scorned pretense.

TELL the truth and shame the devil!" people used to say. But nowadays it seems as if, in regard to certain personal matters, it isn't the devil that gets shamed by truth-telling; it is the truth-teller! That being the case many of us don't tell the truth. Not that we tell lies; we merely, in "our walk and conversation" refrain from revealing facts.

But the practice is fatiguing! There are those of us who would find it a relief if we could leave this tight rope of appearance and put our tired feet on the sawdust of facts of our lives. But the spectators keep us on our exhibition of teetering dexterity.

To most of us this business of trying to seem what we are not—rich, clever, good—is really disagreeable. So why do we do it? The answer is in all our hearts, but it rarely passes our lips. We do it because people are watching us, and wishing (so we believe) that they could do just what we are doing! In fact, we are doing it to arouse envy in the spectators—never realizing that envy is not applause.

It is queer how this desire—to seem something we are not—shows itself in almost everybody's "walk and conversation." Take, for instance, the aesthetic pretense—the effort to show "proper appreciation" of some of the

arts—which we know nothing about! Listen to us uncultivated folk, discussing pictures! Behind our backs the artists laugh at us. Or look at us listening to music. How often one puts on his evening coat, and gets on the tight rope of artistic pretense, and goes wearily to the opera. Why? To make people think that he (tone deaf!) is as musical as some of his neighbors.

2. The tight rope is very painful when it comes to intellectual pretense. I remember a gay conversationalist who ended his story with a French sentence which made everybody roar. One lady roared, too, though she didn't understand a word of French! But another, Mrs. Lewis, who hated tight ropes, said boldly to the story-teller, "Oh, do say it in English."

Afterward the "laughing" lady said to her, with a gasp of admiration, "How did you dare to ask him to say it in English?"

"Because I don't understand French and I wanted to see the joke," Mrs. Lewis said.

"But," said the other woman, "people will know you can't speak French!"

"Well, I can't," said Mrs. Lewis, dryly.

3. But there is a pretense which is more frequent than all the other pretenses put together—that of trying to appear better off than we are. So bent on show, perhaps, that we make cake for company—and skimp the family on butter to make up for the splurge! Worried about coal, but not really cold—and perhaps having an open fire in the parlor when guests arrive. Very much upset in regard to the rapacity of landlords, yet scraping up dollars so that we may live in a fashionable neighborhood. We are the tight-rope people! We, who won't

step down into the sawdust of no cake for company, and a shut-up parlor, and a perfectly impossible street, don't you know! All this sacrifice and worry and effort just because we are all slaves to the ringmaster, whose name is Convention. So much enslaved that some of us will, just to catch an approving look from his foolish eye, drop very precious possessions, lest they interfere with our balancing.

4. As, for instance, look at the risks we run with Love—the most fundamental thing of life. How often love has been known to die—or at least take a back seat—when every day comfort is sacrificed for show. There are lovers, knowing the demands of the ringmaster, who don't dare to marry! In 1922 some people insist that they must have money enough for their own particular tight rope before they risk matrimony. To sacrifice, and save, and make mistakes, and go without, together, is to know that love is worth all it can possibly cost in personal sacrifice.

We tight-rope fathers and mothers are responsible for the false estimates of youth; we parade these false estimates before our children every day. What can the children do but follow our example? When a girl hesitates to marry because of the smallness of her young man's salary it is generally because a mother—and sometimes a father—believes that money is more essential than love.

5. There was a certain literary man who had very little money. He had great difficulty in finding a house or

apartment within his means. At last, he discovered some rooms over a stable. The rooms were few, so he put up a tent in the middle of the room they called the parlor and gave it to the eldest son as a bedroom. The tent hanging from the chandelier, was rolled up during the day, but let down in the early evening so that the little boy could go to bed in privacy and with not too much light. This unique and intelligent method of providing a bedroom for the child caused much comment among visitors. So the author tacked a placard on the flap of the tent, which read, "This is R's bedroom. Please do not enter." No tight rope of pretense for this tranquil householder! No trying to persuade people that the tent was a joke, a way of amusing children. There are cowards who would sigh with envy at this man's courage and freedom, of his entire indifference to public opinion.

Some of us may want to get off our tight rope, we may want to be "sports," but are the people about us—wife, husband, mother-in-law, or children of the same mind? Will they help? Or will they hinder? If we haven't brought our children up properly—and most of us haven't—they will be pretty sure to hinder.

In a nutshell, if we want reality and the comfort of reality, if we want to get down off the tight rope of pretense, all we have to do is shame the devil by living the truth. After that everything is simple enough, for

"The truth shall make you free!"

For less than the price of one "movie" a month you can "keep your information account open" in a convenient and pleasureable way.

There is happiness, as well as power, in knowledge; and many a viewpoint that you get from *The Reader's Digest* will prove a source of satisfaction for months and years.

Straws

-
1. Air-ship travel for U. S. soon.
 2. The soaring birdmen of Germany.
 3. Radium the future power of mankind?
 4. A machine that reads the printed page.
 5. Psychology in industry.
 6. Psychology applied to a hospital.
 7. Ancient city discovered in Mexico.
 8. Who pays the waiter?
-

THE General Air Service "is to provide rigid airship service to America first, and, as time goes on, link this continent with the rest of the world by aerial routes." It is expected that service between New York and Chicago will be established before the end of 1923 with the first two ships, each designed to carry 130 passengers and 30 tons of mail and express matter. It is proposed to use helium gas and some fuel other than gasoline.

The Independent and The Weekly Review.

2. In 1903 Wilbur Wright made the first power flight in the history of the world. For five years the incredulous world laughed at the idea, and branded the Wright brothers as imposters. On September 13, 1921, Herr Harth, a German, on a motorless soaring machine, rose without any outside assistance from an absolute standstill to a height of 200 feet and flew in all directions for 21 minutes. The most remarkable fact is that Harth landed at a point only 40 feet lower than the altitude of his starting point. Here, indeed, is a remarkable achievement and, like so many others now being

realized, must make for a new era in aviation characterized by low-power planes and a raising of aero standards.

Scientific American.

At the instance of the Senior Council, President Hibben of Princeton has asked the parents of undergraduates not to allow their sons private automobiles for use while at college.

3. Radium is the first wonder of the world. It probably is destined to revolutionize the work and life of mankind, for to get power from coal is a clumsy, and momentary expedient.

A microscopic speck of radium continuously emits emanations of relatively enormous power and it will continue to do so, year after year, generation after generation. This is the essential miracle of the thing—the giving out of tremendous energy without perceptible wasting. It has been estimated that one pound and a half of radium contains sufficient energy to drive an engine of one-man power for ten centuries. The dream of the alchemists has thus come true.

We know that this power exists, but we do not know how to use it. Who will find the key? We do not know whether the man is yet born, who is to be known as the great power-giver, but we do know that the hunting down of this secret is the first duty of mankind.

Sir Leo Chiozza Money, one of the greatest living scientists, writing in Hearst's International.

4. It is difficult to think of a problem more impossible than to devise a machine that can read aloud from the printed page. Yet this has been done. The principle depends upon the extreme sensitiveness to light of the metallic element selenium in which various light intensities set up differ-

ent electric conductivity. A delicate instrument translates these impulses into sound by way of a diaphragm and, drawing upon the principle of the telephone to help, all may hear. Instruments that can read audibly the average headline letter by letter, have been constructed and more sensitive ones are in the experimental state. With these it is expected that any print can be spelled out, thus opening to all the blind who can hear, the world's literature as it is ordinarily printed.

The Nation's Business.

5. "If everybody were trained and selected for work there might result a revolution in industry as great as that brought about through the introduction of machinery. The scientific control of conduct may become of greater economic importance than the uses of electricity or of steel. It is not unreasonable to assume that the production of national wealth would be doubled if everyone were allowed to do the work he can do best and were trained in the right way."

These are some of the premises on which the Psychological Corporation is founded, an organization recently incorporated in New York. A group of the best known psychologists in the country intend not only to advance psychology but to promote its useful application through business methods.

The work was started with the giving of tests for various kinds of clerical positions, anything from cash girl to telephone girl or secretary. The corporation claims that in an hour's time the psychologist can tell more about the fitness of the applicant for the job than the employer can tell after a month of her services. The

applicant pays \$5 for the test, and in return is told what she can do. She is then ready to present to her employer a card showing her rating. By such methods of selection the money saving to the employer is said to be perhaps \$100 each time a new employe is engaged.

Branch offices have been opened in various cities.

"We have largely subdued the material world to our uses," says the president of the corporation, "but men are trained and selected, influenced and controlled, employed and dismissed, put in prison and in Congress, by methods that have survived from the pre-scientific era."

The Survey.

6. A new type of hospital, the Fifth Avenue, is nearing completion in New York. It is designed neither for the rich nor for the poor, and a patient will pay according to his ability to do so without financial difficulty. There will be three hundred private rooms and no wards. Each room will be an outside one, fitted up for a single patient with pictures and furnishings and curtains to make it home-like. Each room will have its own equipment, lavatory and toilet. Danger of infection is eliminated. The hospital will be open to all persons, regardless of race, color or creed. It is founded with the idea that to give a patient complete contentment of mind is to start him on the road to recovery.

The Survey.

7. The remains of an ancient metropolis were recently discovered beneath the cellars of Mexico. While
(Continued on page 238)

The Reader's Digest

The Modern Mendicant

Extracts from four articles in Leslie's Weekly

Theodore Waters

The professional beggar will never be eradicated until the public learns to discourage him.

A HOMELESS youth fell asleep on the steps of the U. S. Sub-Treasury Building in Wall Street. When he awakened from his nap he found that his hat had fallen into his lap and in it he found sixty-odd cents which kind-hearted people had dropped there. He has not worked since. A Charity Society afterward offered him job after job, and finally threatened him with jail if he did not reform. He left the city, and wrote back: "I make more money than you do. Take a job? Nothing doing."

The sleeping mendicant appeal is universally practiced. Within the past two weeks the writer has observed on six different days a wretched looking Italian woman who sits on the bottom steps of a certain subway entrance in New York, with a box of chewing gum in her lap, huddled against the wall fast asleep. Never is there seen more than two pennies nestling among the chewing gum. The psychological urge of those lonely two cents is compelling indeed.

There are 110 places in Greater New York to which the alms solicitor can be referred and there are workers in those establishments only too glad to help the honestly unfortunate. Of course, the lower-grade professionals know of these places and many of them make it a practice to live on them, going to one after another for a meal or night's lodging or both. The public, however, seems to prefer to contribute alms direct.

The problem of the mere sidewalk mendicant is a fairly simple one. The greatest difficulty lies in the apprehension of the schemer—the man or

woman who invades your office and tells a tale of woe that is puncture proof.

A well-appearing man walked into a New York Charity Society just before noon on a recent Saturday. He said that he and his wife had just reached town on their way to Montreal. Just before arriving in New York the wife had been taken seriously ill and a doctor on the train had advised him to stop off in the city and take her to a maternity hospital. He had bonds, etc., in lockboxes in Montreal, but he was without immediate funds. Would the officials arrange to place her in a maternity hospital at once and finance him until the imminent event took place? They would. This man was known to collect between \$600 and \$700 within a short time in New York. He is now serving a sentence on Blackwell's Island.

It is a known fact that the public will give more quickly to a well-dressed stranger with a good story to tell than to a ragged bum. Here is a scheme which is now being worked on trains: A poorly dressed woman in black has apparently lost her money and ticket. A man nearby addresses his fellow-passengers:

"Gentlemen, this is too bad. Here is a poor little woman who has lost her money and her ticket. Why, she will be put off the train. Something should be done." He starts a fund with a five-dollar bill, and goes up and down the train soliciting more. The conductor extracts enough of it to pay her fare to the end of the division. She can buy a regular ticket there. But, needless to say, that is as far as she or her benefactor goes.

A chauffeur appealed to his passengers to help him in raising a fund to aid the widow and orphans of a man he had "run down." What a noble

sentiment! He made considerable, until finally arrested, when he was unable to produce the bereaved family.

The New York Institute for Crippled vouches for the fact that a legless man, who works at the Grand Central Station in New York, draws down sometimes \$50 a day. The Institute supplied him with a set of false legs. He lives out of town, and comes in every day and checks his legs, and then goes to work begging. He was offered a regular job. "Nothing doing," he said, "I've a family to support and I'm educating my daughter. What can I make at a job? Here I've made as much as \$200 in a week."

A policeman dropped two pennies on the sidewalk behind an apparently blind woman playing a hand organ. Then he walked on, but he kept his eye on her. Pretty soon she picked up the pennies, and the policeman arrested her.

One morning recently a poor forlorn object of a man was seen sitting hunched up against a building, his hat well down over his eyes, a begging box in his lap, and a sign, "Deaf, Dumb and Blind." It was a sight to touch anybody's heart. A man was caught transferring the contents of the box to his own pocket, and then the policeman discovered that the forlorn figure was a dummy, a silent begging machine.

Appeals are always to the emotion, never to the reason of the victim. Blinkie Rosen, for example, always worked with large brown spectacles upon his eyes, and he invariably approached men who wore glasses. Tapping his stick on the sidewalk and raising his trembling hands he would gasp, "Mister, did you ever think how terrible it is to feel that you're goin' blind?"

The tramp was hardly known in the United States until immediately after the Civil War. Again, since the World War a very large number of men in uniform have made themselves obnoxious. Many professional fakirs were quick to see the advantage of a uniform, sometimes wearing spurious decorations for bravery.

To sum up: The modern mendicant has changed his ways. For the most part he applies psychology to his "profession" as effectively as if taught in a modern school of salesmanship. He goes home at night to his cozy flat or suburban home, where he keeps his family in comfort. Overdrawn? Not a bit of it. Ask the Bureau that keeps tab on him. He will never be eradicated until the public learns to discourage him by refusing him direct assistance, and by co-operating with the agencies whose business it is to separate the sheep from the goats.

Life-Saving Animal Disguises

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

J. Arthur Thompson, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Natural History, Aberdeen University

An intensely interesting and authoritative paper on the disguises which the animal world make use of to save themselves from discovery.

ONE of the many ways in which animals have met the difficulties ever besetting them has been to take advantage of some sort of disguise.

The leaf-eating caterpillars are encased in a protective "over-all" made of pieces of leaf, stick, bark and debris, which make them elusively inconspicuous. Again, they often hang from the branches like cones or dry fruits. Another remarkable caterpillar spins its cocoon on leaves and twigs, and so adjusts the surrounding parts, sometimes killing them first, that it has a high degree of invisibility.

There are not a few shore crabs which sometimes mask themselves. More than one naturalist has seen a crab seize a piece of seaweed, and rub it against his body till it gets fixed. Then the seaweed grows of itself, and many a crab has a veritable garden on its back. Sponges of various kinds may also be fastened on, and it is an interesting fact that if the spider-crab is artificially cleaned it immediately sets to work to camouflage itself afresh.

A little crab of the Philippines lodges a piece of sponge from a rock, trims it to the proper size, and hitches

it on to his back, where it is kept in place by an upturned pair of appendages.

There is another set of cases of higher interest still, where the association implies mutual benefit. Thus a hermit-crab is usually associated with a sea-anemone which envelopes the hermit's shell. This masks the crab's real nature and may enable it to escape being swallowed by certain tender-mouthed enemies which the sea-anemone would sting, or may help it to slink among its own victims in virtue of its very complete disguise. The benefit to the sea-anemone is that it is ever being borne to fresh pastures, and it is bound to get crumbs from its partner's frequently spread table. When a growing hermit-crab has to flit to another shell, it has been seen to move its old partner on to its newly borrowed shell. The crab gets the sea-anemone free, hoists it on to the back of his shell, and holds it there till it fixes itself. Sometimes, the sea-anemone multiplies and forms a blanket which the hermit-crab can either draw completely over its head, or throw back, as it pleases.

It is remarkable that a crab should use its mouth to mix up a sort of sandy cement and then plaster this over part of the shell so that it looks like a piece of the floor of the pool.

A singular animal, the tree sloth of Brazil, which lives exclusively among the branches of trees, has

growing on its shaggy hair a minute green plant growth, like that which makes the trunks of trees green in damp weather. The result is to give the sloth a garment of invisibility among the green boughs.

The horned lizard has sharp thorns on its head, which ward off blows and bites; it has sharp scales on its body; it changes its color to suit the ground; it makes a shallow burrow into the earth, using its head as a tool, and flicks dirt over any exposed part; the head spines may be left protruding like dry thorns. If it is greatly excited a jet of blood shoots out from beneath its eyelid. What a multitude of devices!

Very different from the "masking" we have been considering are protective peculiarities of the creature's own body. Thus, out of a multitude of examples, there are butterflies which are like withered leaves, even to the veins of the leaf and its spots and withered color. A large walking-stick insect is extraordinarily like a number of dry twigs. A Malayan spider is like a bird dropping on a leaf.

A certain beetle eats the violet hairs of the stamens of a mountain flower, with the result that the violet pigment comes to shine through the body

wall, making the grub inconspicuous. It is disguised by its very meals.

It is often suggested by very skeptical people that these protective disguises may deceive the naturalist's eye, but not the expert animal whose business it is to see through such devices. But there is abundant evidence that animals themselves are deceived.

It is useful to note that some cases of protective resemblance are very much less perfect than others. The very fine ones have probably taken ages to reach their present-day pitch of perfection. The rough-and-ready ones may be only beginning to evolve. Another illuminating consideration is that the creature probably helps sometimes to make its bodily disguise effective by getting into the habit of resting in surroundings where it is inconspicuous. It is not to be inferred that there is conscious "thought" in the matter. There is great need of caution in what we think of the mental aspect of the behavior of creatures when they mask or disguise themselves. We must avoid treating them as if they were automatic machines, without desire or endeavor; we must avoid the other extreme of treating them as if they were little men and women, thinking and scheming.

The Great Under-Weight Delusion

Condensed from *The Outlook*

C. K. Taylor

WE Americans have one delusion that is held on to, and almost worshipped, by an overwhelming majority—the delusion that any particular man or woman, boy or girl, should weigh a certain number of pounds!

How often have you seen this common sight? A slender, wiry mother places slender, wiry little Willy on the station scales, and gasps in horror. The printed table states that Willy should weigh 85 pounds—and he weighs but 75. Willy must be under-weight.

The father, too, is shocked. He can't see how an aggressively noisy and obstreperous boy like his Bill can be below "normal." The boy certainly doesn't look anaemic. So they decide to give Willy a fattening diet and urge him to eat more.

And all this interest was as nothing compared to the real dismay that ensued when a report came from Willy's school. It seems that folk had descended on that school, weighed all the children, took their heights and ages, and found to their horror, that almost a third were under-weight!

It never occurs to the parents that there is such a thing as heredity, and that possibly Willy is slender because it is the family type, or the type of a fairish number of his immediate ancestors. Now, little Willy might easily have large and stout parents, but who were slender and wiry when young—a family peculiarity.

Why, some whole races are typically

slender. Yet, every once in a while there is much excitement and chagrin in some town when some folks with the weighing delusion descend on it and weigh all the children.

What would we do without the Worship of the Average? The average child! Yet it is just as normal and healthy for some children to be more slender than the average and for others to approximate that average; all we need to do is to see that a child is properly developed for his or her normal type of build.

When a child is healthy, and is not one of those typically "fat" children, if his muscles are firm and efficient, we may be sure that the child's weight is correct, no matter what it is.

Instead of putting our emphasis on variations in weight, we should put it on an inquiry into a child's state of health and physical development.

Tables have been prepared on a height-weight basis, with various tables for the same height, ranging from those who are of slender build to those who are stocky. With each weight are to be found various measurements for well-developed boys of that height and approximately that weight. So you can compare this boy's measurements (chest expansion, shoulder, girth, etc.) with proper measurements for his own type of build, and so get a score which will give a fair idea of his development.

The standard to go by is not one of weight, but of health and of physical development.

(Continued from page 232)

doing some construction work, one of the workmen literally fell into another town. Excavation revealed a complete house. Tiled floors comparable to modern tiled floors, were found intact, and other elements of building construction indicated that the builders knew as much of the principles of construction as modern architects.

Images were carved out of the hardest stone with an exactness of detail that would do credit to a marble worker of the present day; yet the instruments used must have been altogether crude.

A complete bake oven in perfect condition would indicate a fairly high type of civilization among the residents of the mysterious city.

Scientific American.

8. In the old days, when tipping began in England, a wooden box was used, bearing the initials T. I. P., which stood for: To Insure Promptness. In recent years waiters have

often paid the management in exclusive restaurants for the privilege of serving guests and receiving their tips.

There are few customs as repulsive to both the patron and the worker as this of tipping. One of the most interesting schemes to abolish it is in operation in several New York restaurants. The menus announce:

Help Elevate the Waiter by Abolishing the Tipping System

It places the stamp of servitude upon the waiter's profession.

We are replacing the tip with a 10 per cent service charge, which will be added to the amount of the check. At the end of each week waiters receive the total of service charges appearing on their checks.

A waiter accepting a tip is liable to dismissal. Incentive is not neglected by this system. If the waiter can say, "The broiled chicken is very good tonight, madam," when madam is looking at the salads, he can do something toward increasing his commission. Waiters, managers and customers are all pleased with the system.

It Is Up to YOU

Condensed from The American Magazine

1. Is the ship of civilization sinking?
2. Society's protection against modern warfare.
3. It is up to YOU.

DO you know that some of the world's greatest thinkers are fearful of collapse that may engulf us all? H. G. Wells said recently: "Within my lifetime, New York City may stand even more gaunt, ruinous and empty than that terrible ruin, Petersburg. The ship of civilization is not going to sink in five years' time, or in fifty years' time. It is sinking now."

The disarmament conference in Washington gives a measure of hope in the fact that for the first time in history two great nations—England and the United States—showed that they can act as one, sinking selfish ambitions. But this falls far short of a definite lifting of the threatening cloud.

Why are we in danger? You realize that the world has been facing complete economic collapse. Europe owes us billions of dollars. If it collapses financially, it cannot pay us. Also, with its more or less worthless currency, it cannot buy goods from us. Moreover, our very wealth is a temptation to the rest of the world. They are like a starving mob, looking through the windows at a banquet.

2. Would it be surprising if the mob tried to help itself? Especially if the mob had the greatest weapons of destruction the world has ever known! When half a dozen airplanes and a few bombs can make of a great city a charnelhouse; when, as we are told, there are already perfected compounds of such malign potency that a single bottle uncorked in a room the

size of the Senate Chamber would destroy everyone in the room, we wonder what protection society will devise against this kind of an attack.

"The most startling fact in the world today is this: The human race has made gigantic material advance—but it has not made a corresponding moral advance. Whether this material progress is going to be used for good, or for evil, depends on what we are morally. Are we any more honest, unselfish, faithful, just and honorable than our grandfathers were? Is the soul of the human race any less weak and crooked than it ever was? We have money and power and scientific achievement. But unless we make ourselves morally fit to handle them, we shall find that we have created a rapacious monster which eventually will destroy us—unless we give it a soul as well as a body."

This statement was spoken by a conservative business man who, I happen to know, does not go to church. The instinct of self-preservation was behind what he said.

3. It's easy for you to sit back and say: "I'm busy running my own affairs. I can't possibly do anything to save civilization."

That's the answer! Are you a better man than your father was, a better woman than your mother? Are you bringing up your children to be better human beings than you are? Are you running your business more honorably than your predecessor ran his?

Are you trying to get more of the light of truth and honesty in your life, or are you simply trying to get more electric bulbs in your parlor? Are you more eager to have a vacuum cleaner, or a clean mind? What are you trying to give your children—self-forgetfulness, or a self-starting automobile? Which has the stronger pull with you—your principles, or your pocketbook?

Only as we feel—and get others to feel—a deep sense of duty and of responsibility, shall we keep off the rocks. If we are to avert calamity, we have got to have moral force back of our national strength—be better men and women. The influence of what you are goes with you wherever you go, and has its effect on everyone you meet in your daily life.

What we need is a mass of people who have vowed to be better men and women. If you set to work to carry out that vow, you will be one of the leaders in saving this country from disaster.

There isn't a day when we do not have to decide between two courses. Most of us see clearly enough which one we ought to choose. The trouble comes in obeying our judgment. When you have learned to do what you don't want to do, you have put fibers of steel into your will. The master who is strong and master of himself has the will power to turn his back on the easy, pleasant course, and drive himself forward on the hard and disagreeable one.

We do not need to be told what is honest and upright, what is clean and

decent, what is fair and generous, what is just and merciful. What we do need is to learn to obey the dictates of our better selves. I have heard of a famous man who made it a practice to do, every single day, at least one thing that he didn't want to do. It was a deliberate effort to discipline his will.

I believe there would be no more effectual way of making ourselves better men and women than to learn this self-discipline. The world is looking through the windows at us here in America. What do we want them to see? Selfishness, greed, carelessness, hardness, indecency? Or a kind and generous and honorable people, deserving the respect and good will of all men? The only thing that will keep the world safe and steady is for men and women to rouse themselves to a sense of moral responsibility. Let us stop hiding behind the plea, "It doesn't matter what I do!" And let us say instead, "The only thing that matters, so far as I am concerned, is what I do! Myself, my family, my affairs; there lies my chance to help keep the ship of civilization off the rocks."

Radio—Our Next Great Step Forward

A condensation from Collier's, The National Weekly

Stanley Frost

-
1. Every village in the swing of the world.
 2. Audiences of millions within a short time.
 3. The amazing progress of four months.
 4. Aerial wires can be dispensed with.
 5. Can we avoid an air jam?
 6. Education and amusement for all.
-

ONE of the best known manufacturers in America went back to his home town last December. Only a handful of people live there. A few years ago there was a saloon—a meeting place, of a kind, for the men of the town. They usually went there in the evening and exchanged ideas. When the saloon was closed, no other meeting place remained—not even a movie theatre. Its people had been cut off from each other, and from the world.

On Christmas Eve the man from the city invited the neighbors to come in to hear his radiophone. They had heard of the miracle, but their faces were skeptical—until the box began to sing, to talk! It brought them good music, that first evening. Since then it has brought important news, good lectures, grand opera; President Harding has spoken to them; men and women of prominence have come into their lives.

"I've worried about that lonely town for years," said the man. "Now I'm through worrying. They are back in the swing of the world of thought and action."

That is only part of what the miracle of radio can and is doing for every

unhappy, lonesome person and family and town in America.

2. The Metropolitan Opera House in New York seats 3,426 people. But the other night Galli-Curci sang to at least a hundred thousand listeners. Within a few months the audience will have risen to millions.

Radio will be the greatest unifying power the world has ever known, will draw us as a nation far closer together in thought and ideals, will wear down sectional lines. It will be the greatest potential educator and spreader of culture that has ever been dreamed of. It will be the most universal and cheapest form of publication man has imagined. The ear has always been the means of reaching and swaying people most easily.

3. On the first of last November there were only a few radiophone receivers in the United States. Today the number is around half a million. There are more than a hundred thousand such instruments in daily use within the range of the Newark broadcasting station, many of them with receivers enough for half a dozen people.

All this has come in four months, and it is just getting started. Manufacturers, working day and night, are weeks behind in their orders.

There are already in operation—and more are being built—private studios with radiophone equipment which makes it possible to pick up at will messages going from any of the broadcasting stations in the country, and to magnify the tiny waves till they fill a large room with sound.

Equipment is being perfected with rapid strides. It surely will not be long before radiophone messages can be sent to almost any distance with full certainty that they will go through, as more delicately adjusted

instruments are being made constantly.

4. There has been a change, also, in the shape and arrangement of the aerial wires, which have been the visible sign of the presence of a wireless station. In Washington there is a receiving apparatus on which messages from France and Germany come in regularly. This apparatus is all inside the room—in fact, it is all on a desk. With most sets, a wire run around the room behind the picture molding is enough. Very shortly the whole thing will be inside the little black box.

5. There is only one real limitation to this great new public service. It comes from the fact that there is only a limited amount of room in the ether for radio messages, and that already the demands are far greater than the supply. Since radio messages depend on the sendings of ether waves, it follows that when two waves of the same kind are in the air at once, both become confused and both are lost. The radio people, to prevent this, send waves of different lengths—only up to 200 meters for amateurs, 360 for telephone broadcasting, 600 for ship-to-shore service, and so on. The total number available, however, is limited, since our receiving apparatus is not yet good enough to select our wave lengths with any very great accuracy.

Such a situation will eventually require very careful supervision to grade the value of material that is allowed to get into the ether. No private messages will be allowed to hamper the public service of broadcasting. It is clear that definite ether lanes

will always have to be reserved for the Government and for ship-to-shore service. But when these exceptions have been taken, it is clear that the ether must be kept clear for that greatest of all public service of the new era—the radiophone broadcasting of education, culture, and democracy.

6. The government radio service already includes 230 land radio stations. They will probably soon be co-ordinated in one great system through which leaders of public affairs in Washington can talk to you daily, wherever you are, and tell you the latest facts about the progress of your national business.

The United States Public Health Service already gives 15-minute talks on health by radiophone. Senator Lodge recently addressed a Massachusetts audience on public affairs via radiophone from his residence in Washington.

It has been estimated that for the ridiculously low cost of about three-quarters of a cent a person a year, the government could reach the whole public with daily broadcasts of news, public speeches, and invaluable departmental information. Hundreds of thousands, if not millions of hearers, at a day not far distant, will receive, by their own hearthstones, free news, free education, free entertainment. It is possible that citizens everywhere may hear the discussions taking place on the floors of both houses of Congress. The President himself may some day talk to all the American people directly.

Popular Science Monthly.

An article worth reading is worth remembering. Keep "back" numbers of *The Reader's Digest*. You cannot derive full value from much of the material in this magazine without occasionally re-reading it.

Working Harder Through Music

Abstracted from *Physical Culture*

Charles D. Isaacson

What is being done with music everywhere as a stimulant to work, as a prod to activity, as a definite means of increasing output. This is the last of a series of three articles by Mr. Isaacson.

1. Musical stimulants taken by many.
2. Great of all ages inspired by music.
3. Benefits from music in industry.

BRUCE BLIVEN, managing editor of the New York Globe, and one of the best editorial writers in America requires his musical stimulant. He slips away from his work quite often, and goes to the big motion picture house for an hour. He waits only to hear the musical numbers rendered by the fine symphony orchestras—the rest he goes without. The music sends him back to his desk greatly refreshed, mentally.

Frank Crane, before and during the time he writes, puts on the records of the big pianists on his player-piano to aid him to think. It clarifies his mind, he says.

Warren Sheppard, one of the foremost marine painters in the country, used to have my father do his violin practice several times a week in his studio. My father had to practice anyway—and for Sheppard it was a stimulus.

Charles M. Schwab, a brainy man and one of the wealthiest, told me recently, "Every week I devote one day to music. I wouldn't let my weekly musicale go by for anything. The harder I work, the more I need it. I retire on this music day, into the calm

of my home, whether it be in New York, Bethlehem, or the coast. Sometimes I play the organ myself, sometimes I have others play for me. Afterwards, I feel wonderful. It braces me up; enables me to cope more forcefully with new problems."

Woolworth made it a practice throughout his life to spend an hour a day with music—just as he found it necessary to eat, drink, sleep and exercise. He could think best in the magnificent music room of his home, with its big pipe organ and other instruments.

Everybody knows what music has meant to the banker, Otto H. Kahn, who stands back of opera and almost every other musical enterprise in America. Eastman, the Kodak man, discovered that melodies of a certain character practically revitalized him. He installed a great pipe organ in his home and engaged a famous organist to live with him.

Next thing the world knew, a quartette of instrumentalists were added to the Eastman home. Later Eastman donated millions to music as a development of the motion picture activities of the world.

2. The story of the great men who have been inspired to think, act, invent, dream, preach, fight, paint pictures—through a musical impetus, is longer than the whole issue of this magazine. The story would include among many others, the names of Rafael and Leonardo de Vinci, the painters; Keats and Shelley, the poets; Robert Fulton, who made the steamboat; General U. S. Grant; Julius Caesar; Ralph Waldo Emerson; George Washington; Thoreau; Henry Ward Beecher, and Theodore Roosevelt.

3. It would be profitable to discover what is being done musically by millions of Americans. Schwab said:

"Whenever I have anything to do with a factory, I say, 'Now, how can we give these workers some music?' We have bands and choruses and concerts—an all-year practice. I know that music warms the sentimental side of our people. It kindles the spiritual life of every man. I can thank music in the warmest terms for much of my own success and happiness."

John Wanamaker, the pioneer in music in industry, phrases the idea in this way: "We want our people to work with a song in their hearts. In the marts of trade, we are trying to uncover the beautiful violets which ordinarily grow only in other surroundings."

An official of the Packard Automobile Company wrote to me: "Take a hypothetical case. A lathe hand leaves for work after a domestic quarrel. In this mood he may spoil his first piece of work, which incenses him still further. The morning goes on from bad to worse. Then comes a band concert. After a few tunes, the man comes completely out of the gloom. No, there is nothing so efficacious as a concert. For the average employe music is almost a godsend."

The Wolf Company in New York City uses phonograph music as an eye-opener. Generally, the business world takes from fifteen minutes to half an hour to wake up in the morning. Mr. Wolf says: "The music sets the workers going with vim. One morning we neglected to set the music going (on purpose) and there was a murmur of discontent."

Everywhere, community choruses are forming in factories, stores and offices. Records of the great ammunition plant at South Amboy, New Jersey, during the war, showed that each musicale brought its percentage of increased production.

Harold Bauer, the famous pianist, tells this: "After one of my concerts a

man asked to see me, and said, 'I am an advertising writer. I make my living with ideas. Every once in a while I run dry. I discovered quite by accident that good music serves to excite my imagination. Now, after a concert, I go back to my desk overflowing with good ideas.'"

In the morning, before you leave the house, take ten minutes of bright music. Keep it in mind as you proceed to work. Watch the difference in your mental attitude to your job all day. And watch the attitude of your neighbors toward you!

When some heavy problem is on your mind, turn to good music. Forget your problem, and when the music is over you'll discover the problem is not nearly so difficult as before.

Experiments with a phonograph in the post office at Minneapolis have shown that the charms of music will not only "soothe the savage beast," but also cause the ordinary mail-sorter to forget his worries to such an extent that he will do more work and make fewer errors than usual.

There are nightly concerts from 11 p. m., until 4 a. m. Because of the pronounced quiet and monotony of their work, the men are apt to allow outside cares to enter their minds. This has made them depressed, and has interfered to a certain extent with their work. The men go home fatigued and somewhat nervous.

Since the music has been installed, the work goes on more smoothly and with greater efficiency than before, and with a considerable saving of time. The men present a more contented appearance—smiling, whistling and humming as they work. The men say the time seems shorter, and the work easier and more enjoyable.

The Literary Digest.

The Magazines for May that are out as we go to press have some especially valuable material. The June issue of The Reader's Digest promises to be fully up to standard, with 31 articles of exceptional interest.

The Question of Divorce

The gist of an article in Harper's Bazaar

W. L. George

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1. No divorce in England before 1857.
 2. Sexes not equal in divorce.
 3. Two astounding devices.
 4. More divorces in Chicago than all England.
 5. Proposed reforms in divorce law.
-

DIVORCE as a national institution is, in England, so new that several millions of her living inhabitants were born before divorce cases appeared in the courts of law in 1857.

Before that time it was practically impossible to obtain a divorce, for it was necessary to get an act of Parliament through the House of Commons, and the House of Lords. That is the system under which England solved her matrimonial troubles for nearly two centuries, and it explains why the existing English divorce law is still so hard.

2. At the present time an Englishman can obtain a divorce from his wife on the grounds of infidelity and on absolutely no other. He may have married a drunkard or a criminal, but as long as his wife is technically pure he cannot obtain his freedom. He can have a judicial separation, but not a divorce enabling him to marry again.

The woman is still more hardly treated. If a woman wants a divorce it is not enough that she should prove that her husband has been unfaithful to her. It does not matter how notorious his unfaithfulness is; it may extend over years, the wife may be an object of pity among her friends: in England that will not help her. She can obtain a separation, but she cannot have her freedom until she proves in addition that her husband has been

guilty of cruelty to her, or that he has deserted her. It is worth repeating that infidelity is all an aggrieved husband need prove, so that the sexes are not equal.

When an English husband has cause to divorce his wife, he merely files his petition; if he proves his case he receives his divorce. An English wife is not allowed to do this. She must first write to the man from whom she wishes to get free and beg him to return to her! Of course, the husband does not return. The only result is that the action wastes time and money, and that after the English court has solemnly ordered the husband to return to his wife within fourteen days she reports that he has not come back to her and sues for divorce. If, on the other hand, he does come back at this eleventh hour she cannot repulse him; she must accept him, must remain tied to him.

3. The advocates of the hard law will reply that the English courts will always grant a separation, which enables them to live apart; but that seems to me a useless and terrible solution. It is useless for the great majority of English families because few are sufficiently well-off to enable the husband to give the wife an adequate allowance. It is a terrible solution because of the suffering involved. If a married couple cannot agree, or if they have been legally separated, they cannot be released unless one or the other is willing to appear in court and be advertised as an immoral person.

And so we come in England to a pair of devices to which would cling a little comedy if the thing were not so sad. First, there is the comedy of the letter which the wife must write to the husband who has deserted her. The wife seldom composes the letter

herself. Her lawyer writes it out for her, knowing all the time that she does not want her husband back, and that he will refuse in terms sufficiently rude to interest the court in her favor when his reply is read out.

But the second device is more remarkable still. We have before us an English couple who want a divorce. After some discussion it is agreed that the husband shall sacrifice himself. He does it openly, he signs his full name and that of some woman in the hotel visitor's book, and lets his wife know the date, room number, et cetera. In due course a lawyer's clerk checks the details, and the divorce goes through.

This means that the divorce has been arranged. The parties have been freed just as much as if mutual consent were enough. The laws are too hard, and when laws are too hard, mankind finds a way to get around them, only, in this case, it seems painful that the way around should be compulsory infidelity.

It is worth saying that the charges of cruelty made by wives against husbands are often very flimsy; sometimes acts of cruelty are arranged; a bell is rung, and a servant enters just in time to see the husband slap his wife's face.

There is no doubt that the present English law is no longer supported by public opinion. In the early days of Queen Victoria, divorcees simply were not received in decent society. Nowadays one can say that, except in the stricter circles, divorcees do not suffer socially if they behave quietly.

4. English newspapers report divorce cases more freely than do the American. This is due to the fact that in most American States divorce is merely a formality while in England it leads to struggles in court. But it is a mistake to think that divorce is in England so very prevalent. In 1919 there were several hundred more divorces in Chicago alone than in the whole of England and Wales. There has been a rise since then, in virtue of a new law that assists poor persons unable to pay their costs. On the whole, divorce is rare.

5. Divorce will certainly become less rare under new reforms about which there has been intense agitation for years, and which will eventually be brought into the English divorce law. The reforms are as follows: (1) Equality of men and women before the law; (2) The following causes for divorce be accepted: a. Infidelity alone for both sexes; b. Desertion for a term of years; c. Chronic drunkenness; d. Lunacy; e. Contagious disease; f. Life imprisonment.

The main advantage of these proposals will be that judicial separations will almost be done away with. There is no good to be said for separations that leave the parties neither free nor wedded.

Divorce is always sad; it should be avoided so long as may be, just as marriage should be avoided until the mind is made up. Hasty marriage and hasty divorce are not only evils but interdependent evils. One makes the other. But when the course is run and marriage has failed, it avails none to seek warmth at a hearth filled with ashes.

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The Menace of the Movies

Digested from The Christian Statesman

W. B. Fleming

-
1. Producer admits movies unfit for children.
 2. The screen a school of crime.
 3. Pictures aid liquor and tobacco interests.
 4. Movies caricature religion.
 5. Producers control legislation.
-

A GREAT many commercial movies are today morally unfit for children, for anybody. William A. Brady, President of the National Motion Picture Industry, has twice urged the Chicago Commission to forbid children from six to twelve years old going to the movies at all and forbidding those from twelve to sixteen attending them except with a chaperone. The reason has been frequently indicated: "Put two motion picture houses on opposite sides of the street. Let one show risqué, off-color, salacious, suggestive pictures, and let the other use only clean pictures. The first would show to full houses and the last almost to empty seats. This indicates that the people want impure pictures. We are not in the business for morals but for money. The people have a right to see what they want and we have a right to show them what they want. But we do not care to corrupt the morals of children; therefore, keep the children away, and permit us to give the people what they want."

It is not here asserted that all pictures are bad. Quite a few are splendid. Many have only one or two objectionable scenes. But the good and bad scenes and pictures are mixed so indiscriminately in the same entertainment that the sum total of the in-

fluence of a single sitting is nearly always bad.

2. The public screen is America's greatest school of crime. Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver, probably knows as much about juvenile delinquency as any man in the country. Judge Lindsey declares "The two greatest causes of crime in America are the high-powered automobile and the crime-suggesting motion picture." G. L. Sehon of Louisville, chairman of the American Prison Association's committee on juvenile delinquency, said recently, "Court records, almost without number, trace juvenile crime directly to the screen." A few illustrations. In Lawton, Michigan, early in 1921, two boys about fifteen years old saw a train wreck on the screen. The next night they tried to wreck a limited passenger train. The wreck was averted, but one of the boys is in the penitentiary, and the other in the reform school. Near Coopersville, Michigan, recently, two fourteen year old boys held up a citizen at the point of a gun as they confessed they had seen it done in the movies. Two little girls in Indianapolis saw a shop lifting scene in the picture and tried it and were caught. In Detroit recently a man saw a wild west shoot-em-up show through three times in one night and there got the nerve to kill a relative as the victim lay sleeping in his bed.

3. The screen is engaged in a systematic effort to break down the Eighteenth Amendment, and to put the cigarette into the mouth of every little boy in the land. Saloon scenes; liquor drinking; and slaps, jibes, and slams at temperance are part of the stock in trade of the screen. Movie actors, men and women, smoke cigarettes on the screen till the sight almost nauseates patrons. A famous

actor in his wild west shows, is the hero of every kid movie fan. On the screen he is very often shown deftly rolling and smoking cigarettes. A reputable public lecturer who claimed to know him well, reported some months ago that he does not smoke cigarettes in private life and that the tobacco trust pays him \$1,000 a week on the side to pull the smoke stunt on the screen, evidently to catch the boys. Liquor seems such a constant part of the screen bill of fare that one is tempted to ask how much the whiskey trust pays the actors to advertise the stuff.

4. Is the screen engaged in a definite, positive, systematic attack on Protestantism and the Gentile religion? Three challenges: (a) You never saw a Roman Catholic priest or church service pictured on the screen except with due respect. (b) You never saw a Jewish rabbi or church service pictured on the screen except with due respect. (c) You scarcely ever saw a Protestant minister or service pictured on the screen except with the aim of caricature, ridicule, scorn or laughter. An occasional exception to the last statement helps to establish the rule. The explanation is not far to seek. Many of the men in the forefront of the business are Roman Catholics and those behind the scenes, furnishing the money and the brains of the business, are Jews; and both very properly refuse to attack their own religion. But, unlike millions of adherents of both these bodies who have high moral principles, the ruling elements in the movies have low moral standards, and so they attack the Gentiles of the Protestant sort. "Hell's Hinges" has been on the screen for at least five years, and has now gone as far as Japan. This picture takes a young minister through the filth and scum and mire of the harlot's den and the saloon. As he stands before the bar drinking till he is maudlin drunk, the saloon keeper yells out to the crowd standing about, "All parsons are hypocrites and liars and there is nothing in religion." A little later, as the minister lies dead in the street, shot by members of his own congrega-

tion, with his church building burning, the fire lit from his own torch, the saloon keeper again yells out, "To hell with the churches." And the church people are called the "parson's herd," the "petticoat brigade" and other like epithets.

"The Inside of the Cup" pictures a minister as a real hero, but only apparently for the purpose of showing up the Church people in a more damnable light. Yes, it pictures a book, but thousands see the picture where one reads the book. And the picture picks out the filth alone and distorts it. Such pictures attacking the ministers and the churches are constantly on the screen all over the country.

5. The movie magnates are apparently engaged in a nation-wide effort to corrupt legislatures and to keep from the statute books any legislation looking toward protecting the people against the rottenness of the film. That there is a country-wide demand for such legislation is shown by the thirty-one bills before as many legislatures as the last session. That the bills got to the statute books in but two states indicates, not that there is little demand for such legislation, as the movie men would fain have us believe, but that the picture interests are powerful to stop undesirable bills. In one state it was plainly charged that \$250,000 were on hand to stop legislation; in another that \$50,000 was the price paid for immunity. In one legislature the bill passed every hurdle till it got to the desk of the speaker for final passage and here it lay for weeks and died in spite of powerful efforts to pry it loose. In Illinois the bill has been killed for four sessions. Many such illustrations could be given. Reports of this kind are so widespread and persistent that the National Congress recently appointed a committee to investigate the matter.

The motion picture men are engaged in definite, positive effort throughout the nation to break down every law that stands in the way of their exploitation of the public. The screen constantly cries against the so-called "blue laws." It was they that started

(Continued on page 250)

Aftermath: Derelicts of the War

Condensed from *The Independent* and *The Weekly Review*

Maria M. Lewis

"IT'S all right, you can start in," said the orderly, eyeing my Red Cross supply basket with a longing sweep.

It is a journey that requires a tightening of your mental belt, a resolution to gaze on distressing sights unshrinkingly, the will to smile cheerily into distorted masks of faces that are being built into human semblance, the need to discipline a fastidious nose against assaulting smells.

You look over your basket to see that your supplies are arranged. There are socks for the outdoor sleepers, whose toes get cold toward morning; bed-jackets with big sleeves to slip over arms in casts or frames; matches, writing paper, pencils, "housewives," and toilet articles. You have to be very stern about toothbrushes.

"Have you really got one, Lavin-sky?" "Sure I got one." You demand ocular evidence.

"Well, I ain't got it here wit' me; I left it at Camp Jackson, but I got one."

You leave him pledged to a morning and evening ritual. You pass on to Lawrence, young, fair, blinded, one-armed, one-legged, wondering what ray of light or cheer can be made to penetrate the darkened world where he spends his days. He loves detective stories; so you sit down and read aloud to the breathless end, put beside him a box of strawberries that you have tucked away for him, and go on the rounds with the memory of a radiant smile and a wistful "Come again soon" for company.

The wards are long wooden shacks like the temporary barracks familiar to us during the war. Here is concentrated the human wreckage of the war. As the base hospitals close, the slow-healing, chronic, and incurable

cases are gathered together that everything possible may be done to occupy the minds and coax back activity to benumbed limbs, and hope to hearts grown heavy with the long ordeal of pain. Everything that medical science and careful nursing and reconstruction aides can devise is done without stint. It has escaped the official taint in some marvelous fashion, and is a kindly human business.

I go into the tuberculosis ward. You are surrounded by all the boys able to be up. They all clamor for tickets for a baseball game. They eagerly display their little treasures and foreign souvenirs. You turn to the bed cases, gasping with shortened breath in the grip of the terrible plague that moves with deadly swiftness. You write the letters that they huskily dictate—to Maine, Mississippi, Kansas, Minnesota, the same messages:

"Am feeling fine; hope to be sent to Denver to get well; love to all." And then, after a talk with the medical major, you add your "no hope" postscripts, advising some member of the family to make the journey on, before it is too late. So many are too poor to make the journey, but when they can come you meet as old friends, and sit beside them in the last speeding hours of the boy's life, and see these toil-worn people, broken by their sacrifice, set their faces homeward again.

Isolation wards next. Everything here from chickenpox to sleeping sickness. I leave fruit and flowers, and a big batch of newspapers for these shut-ins, and go on to the facial and jaw cases. Carey takes me to the window that I may behold his new glass eye, with which he fondly announces that he can wink, even if he can't see!

A section of Randall's rib has been used to splice his smashed jaw. His face is swathed in bandages and his eyes look out at you with a trapped animal expression. A glass of jelly is put on his bedside table to cheer him until real chewing time comes.

I sit down beside O'Keefe, whose face was shattered by a hand grenade and remodeled far from his heart's desire. He says that "he was a fine figure of a lad then." We write a note to his girl, who has kept the faith in spite of the "mess" as he calls it, that the Boches made of him. And I try to mould into sentimental eloquence the halting sentences that he wrings from his inarticulate but throbbing bosom.

As I start into the amputation ward, Johnson, a big but gentle psychopathic case, who wanders happily about, takes one of the heavy baskets, while he tells me of such a nice talk he had with John the Baptist yesterday, which I cordially envy him.

This is a cheerful ward in spite of recurring operations when stumps do not heal and the grim work has to be done over again. Many are in wheel chairs, and they fly up and down the aisles with incredible swiftness. Blake says he lost his driver's license Thursday for exceeding the speed limits and colliding with Allen and breaking his leg cast. One boy is drowsily coming out of ether. He

clutches at my apron and begs me to stay a while—he is "so lonely." I know that strange anguish of coming back to life again to a world of pain. You do need a warm human hand to cling to and pull you safe ashore.

"Do see Carsen—he needs bucking up," says a hurrying nurse. You finally find out that the real trouble has been the fear that his girl won't have him if they mutilate his body and scar him up. You assure him that women will marry anything—look at what they do marry, poor dears! Armless, legless, brainless men.

"Bones" last—all old stubborn cases, and you abandon your fictitious hopes, and with the boys face the game that you all know is a losing game. Walker is always writing and spends most of his pay for stamps. He has lain stagnating there for two years now, slung in a frame over his iron bed. What is his new news, and whence come his inspirations?

They are common men, of strange blends of blood and manner of upbringing; tender to each other, gentle to women, modest, rarely talking of their wounds, full of humor; hopeful when they know there is no hope; and imbued with a courage for future agonies. Derelicts of war who bear their burdens with smiling faces, and wear the scars of wounds, and pay the price of pain in the long night watches.

The Menace of the Movies

(Continued from page 248)

the cry a year ago, and they are doing more than all others to keep it up. Their whole work along that line is to destroy the Sabbath day for their own financial gain. In a very large percentage of the towns and cities of the country, the movie houses are running in open violation of the law on Sunday night, they are emptying the churches, breaking down public morals, destroying religion, teaching contempt for law, advocating and practicing those things which if not checked will destroy the republic.

The movies not only tend to steal

the morals but also to wreck the minds and injure the bodies of the children. Librarians complain that children no longer read books as formerly. School teachers report that children who go to the movies several times a week fail in their studies and get behind the classes. Doctors say that children who go to the movies more than about once a week become nervous and irritable and have trouble with their eyes. Movies an education? Yes, but very much of the education from the commercial screen is injurious, giving a distorted, jazz view of life.

The Last of the Great

Alexander Black

A chapter condensed from "The Latest Thing and Other Things," Harper and Bros. Price, \$2.00. Alexander Black is also author of "The Great Desire," "The Seventh Angel," "Modern Daughters," "Miss Jerry," "Richard Gordon," etc.

1. The ancients, too, bemoaned "the last of the great."
 2. Snow measures high on young legs.
 3. Manners and times have "sadly changed."
 4. Education and art have always been dying.
 5. Our right to a personal opinion.
-

WHEN it seems essential to clinch a contention that the world is going to the bad, nothing is more effective than pointing out that "the last of the great" painters or actors or statesmen or historians has just passed beyond. Such an announcement stirs a sense of being left high and dry in an arid wilderness of a world.

Plato makes reverent reference to "the ancients." In fact, there were no ancients who did not look back to other ancients, believing that "there were giants in those days." Races have enjoyed the notion of being importantly derived. Perhaps this accounted for much of the rage against Darwin. To hear an upstart talk about antecedent hairy ones—well, it was too much. We seem to prefer to have come down rather than to have come up.

For one thing, jealousy of the present is a commonplace. Living, a man is a politician; dead, we can afford to let him be a statesman. Living, he

is a scribbler; dead, he is an author. Incidentally, to call him great when he is dead is one way of impressing the living—of putting the obstreperous living quite where they belong.

2. When someone said, "Punch isn't so good as it used to be," Lemon made the answer that is classic, "It never was." The appetite for Punch, like the appetite for pie, may have a good memory, but a bad historical sense. The pie mother used to make established its qualities in a young stomach. That "old-fashioned snow-storm" measured high on young legs. The orator we heard in our boyhood was the real thing. That adventure story kept our boyish eyes startlingly awake until sunrise; at forty we pick up one of these modern pretenders, impartially eager to give a fair hearing, and we are asleep before the first chapter is finished.

3. The manners as well as the times have "sadly changed." "Sadly," you observe. Change persistently continues to be "sad." Don't take my word. Go thou to the records.

Scan London in the seventeenthies; the decent and the distinguished were disappearing. Manners, of course, were "sadly" changing. Cropping the hair was regarded as a prodigious affectation. Cutting off coat tails was worse. Women's dress was disapproved as licentious. Bare shoulders had been forbidden in Italy. Great Britain got out a yardstick for skirts. Recent American efforts to regulate the height of heels recalls the statute under Edward III that forbade anybody under the rank of Knight to wear pointed shoes measuring "more than four inches beyond the natural extremity."

"It would not be easily believed by our great-grandmothers." The last of the great-grandmothers said it before she went. Horror—that was her state of mind.

"Tell a servant now (1795), in the mildest manner, they have not done their work to please you, and you are told to provide for yourself." At this same period it was indicative of a calamitous decline that the Prince of Wales should go to a prize-fight.

Decay—that is the point of emphasis; we have always been degenerates. The cry before the Great War that "we are living in a time of moral chaos" is but a paraphrase of things said with equal vehemence by Seneca and Marcus Aurelius. Doctor Eliot finds "a quite general coarsening of manners." Paul and Chesterfield made the same discovery. Balzac was sure that there was no longer a nobility. "Alas!" said Carlyle, "the age of substance and solidity is gone for the time; that of show and hollow superficiality—in all senses—is in full swing."

4. You may pick up arraignments of education in any century. Carlyle said, "Such is the miseducation of these days!" Later, Mrs. Gerould cries, "How in such an age can culture flourish?" In a day when education was hard, Montaigne could emerge from college saying that he brought nothing away "but a hate and contempt for books." Yet, at each sign of a softening there have been those to murmur, "Yet we wonder that the world no longer produces distinguished personalities."

It is needless to indicate that all art has always been dying. Montaigne did not escape the age-old habit when he said, "I am not greatly affected to new books because ancient authors are more full and pithy." It is only new books that are "modern trash." Who ever heard of ancient trash? Today is mercenary. Today men paint

for money, accept checks for poems. The Greeks and the Romans are assumed to have labored under a high emotion that somehow let them free from economic pressure.

5. The truth is that only those who look backward can wisely look forward. False deductions from the backward look are the basic calamity. Each of us must find his own way of not being fooled. If we are lucky, we shall be able to do this without belittling either the big of the past or the big of the present. We shall see, for one thing, that if each era has been able to apostrophize the last of the great, the great must always have been present. We may learn to measure movements and peoples with some glimmering of proportion. We may learn to encourage by high expectation as well as commiserate in post-mortem tears. Having learned to accept all report of the past as so much opinion, we may be reminded of our right to a personal opinion.

Critics know the effect of fear. They know that a humanity born in sin is self-distrustful. They know the mesmeric force of the accusing finger and the bitter word; death is an eternal text, reinforcing to every theory that we live in a rotten time. To the creative critic, eagerly alive, with a passion of belief in the immutable processes, it is the unfolding of genius rather than its withering that kindles concern; it is the living sign rather than the graveyard symbol that stirs to action and to expectation. The creative critic will have kept his judgment books in balance, he will have appraised the forces of his time not in terms of age any more than in likenesses to tradition, but by the high measure of a patient faith.

The voluntary endorsements of the Digest that we have received from Members of our Association would fill an entire issue of this magazine.

No doubt you have friends who have never heard of our Association who would be delighted to learn of the time and money-saving features of The Little Magazine they would be grateful to you for having sent us their names. Will you do so—now?

Are You a Bromide?

Gelett Burgess

Many readers will recall the book, "Are You a Bromide?" published years ago, and it is thought that the following brief condensation will be of interest.

THE attempt to classify one's acquaintances is a common sport, from the fastidious who say: "There are two kinds of persons—those who like olives and those who don't," to the lover who says: "There are two kinds of women—Daisy, and the Other Kind!" There are Impossibles, Outsiders, and Those who Understand. But always the types intermingle and lose identity.

A Bromide, on the other hand, will never jump out of his box into that ticketed "Sulphite." It is easy to define the Bromide. The Bromide does his thinking by syndicate. In a word, they all think and talk alike. They are, intellectually, all peas in the same conventional pod. Their minds keep regular office hours. They may be depended upon to be trite and banal.

The Bromide believes that each of the ordinary acts of life is, and necessarily must be, accompanied by its own especial remark or opinion. It has become not only unnecessary for him to think, but almost impossible, so deep these well-worn paths of thought have become. His intellectual processes are automatic—his train of thought can never get off the track.

It is inevitable that the Bromide should say: "If you saw that sunset painted in a picture, you'd never believe it possible!" Moreover, it is al-

ways offered by the Bromide as a fresh, new, apt, and rather clever thing to say. He really believes, no doubt, that it is original, as you may prove by his expectation of applause.

We may note a few other examples of his mental reflexes:

If you both happen to know Mr. Smith of Des Moines, the Bromide inevitably will say:

"The world is such a small place, after all, isn't it?"

When she departs from her visit, she says: "I've had a perfectly charming time. It's so good of you to have asked me! Now, do come and see us!"

To which the hostess may reply: "Now that you have found the way, do come often!"

This piece of ancient cynicism has run through a thousand changes: "Of course if you leave your umbrella at home, it's sure to rain!"

The Sulphite would never say:

"It isn't money, it's the principle of the thing I object to."

The Bromide has no surprises for you. No hope for flashes of original thought, no illuminating, newer point of view. A Sulphite on the other hand does his own thinking, he is a person who has surprises.

The Bromides constitute, alas; by far the larger group. We are all born with certain bromidic tendencies. Although they have no salt nor spice nor savor, they are the bread of society, the veriest staff of life. And if, like Little Jack Horner, you can occasionally put in your thumb and pull out a sulphitic plum from your acquaintances, be thankful for that, too!

The Force of Statistics

Stephen Leacock

It is to smile, is it not, at some of the tricks played by our memories? From "Literary Lapses," by Stephen Leacock. John Lane Co., New York.

THEY were sitting on a seat of the car, immediately in front of me. I was consequently able to hear all that they were saying. They were evidently strangers who had dropped into conversation. They both had the air of men who considered themselves profoundly interesting as minds. It was plain that each labored under the impression that he was a ripe thinker.

One had just been reading a book which lay on his lap.

"I've just been reading some very interesting statistics," he was saying to the other thinker.

"Ah, statistics!" said the other; "wonderful things, sir, statistics; very fond of them myself."

"I find, for instance," the first man went on, "that a drop of water is filled with little—with little—I forget just what you call them—little—er things, every cubic inch containing—er—containing, let me see—"

"Say a million," said the other thinker, encouragingly.

"Yes, a million, or possibly a billion—but at any rate, ever so many of them."

"Is it possible?" said the other. "But really, you know there are won-

derful things in the world. Now coal—take coal—"

"Very good," said his friend, "let us take coal," settling back in his seat with the air of an intellect about to feed itself.

"Do you know that every ton of coal burnt in an engine will drag a train of cars as long as— I forget the exact length, but say a train of cars of such and such a length, and weighing, say so much from—from—hum! for the moment the exact distance escapes me—drag it from—"

"From here to the moon," suggested the other.

"Ah, very likely; yes, from here to the moon. Wonderful, isn't it?"

"But the most stupendous calculation of all, sir, is in regard to the distance from the earth to the sun. Positively, sir, a cannon-ball—er—fired at the sun—"

"Fired at the sun," nodded the other approvingly, as if he had often seen it done.

"And traveling at the rate of—of—"

"Of three cents a mile," hinted the listener.

"No, no, you misunderstand me,—but traveling at a fearful rate, simply fearful, sir, would take a hundred million—no, a hundred billion—in short, would take a scandalously long time in getting there—"

At this point I could stand no more, and passed into the smoking car.

The Reader's Digest

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